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A Report on the Eleventh French Exposition of the Products of Industry. Ordered to be prepared by the President and Council of the Society of Arts. By M. D. Wyatt, Architect. Barclay.

Our readers are fully aware of the magnificent project—originating in the Society of Arts—of an Exhibition of the Skill and Industry of all Nations, to be opened in Westminster in 1851. In aid of the design it was resolved to procure information of the method and results of the great Industrial "Expositions" in France:—where these displays, confined to national productions, have long been established. The commissioner, Mr. Digby Wyatt, visited the Paris Exhibition of the present year; and the Report now before us contains the substance of his observations, together with a summary of the history and progress of that great industrial convention, from its beginning, under the Republic, in 1797. The credit of the plan had been enjoyed by M. François de Neufchâteau (Minister of the Interior under the Directory and Empire) until the year 1844; when MM. Challamel and Burat's Essay on the subject called forth a claimant of the honour in the person of the aged Marquis d'Avèze. His account of the matter reduces the merit of the Minister to that of approving and aiding the execution of an idea which D'Avèze had started,—and had already carried into effect, in the Château of St. Cloud, when the proscription of his class by the Directory drove him into exile. It is curious and, it may be, characteristic of the genesis of things in France, to remark on this occasion from what quarter the impulse to useful industry came. The Marquis, with other commissioners, had been appointed by the Directory to manage the Academy of Music,—which had fallen during the Reign of Terror into "the most wretched state"; and he takes care to mention that the commissioners in three years' time brought "that splendid theatre" into "a most satisfactory condition." While thus engaged, D'Avèze was ordered to inspect the manufactories of the Gobelins, of Sèvres, and of the Savonnerie (for carpets).—

"I had no need to stay long in these establishments to perceive the misery in which they were plunged. The workshops were deserted—for two years the artisans had remained in an almost starving condition—the warehouses were full of the results of their labours, and no commercial enterprise came to relieve the general embarrassment. Scarcely can I depict the effect produced upon me by such a scene, but at that moment a sudden and luminous thought presented itself to my imagination, and appeared to console me for the miseries of the present in the hopes it offered for the future. I pictured to myself, in the most glowing colours, the idea of an exhibition of all the objects of industry of the national manufactures. I committed my project to paper, I detailed the mode of its execution, and prepared a Report, addressed to the Minister of the Interior, which was written throughout by my own hand, and delivered by me to M. Lancel, then at the head of the section of Arts and Manufactures, in whose office the document in question should still exist. My Report soon received the approbation of the Minister of the Interior, M. François de Neufchâteau, who commanded me to carry it into effect by every means useful and suitable to the Government. The château of St. Cloud was then uninhabited and completely unfurnished, and this appeared to me the most appropriate and eligible spot for the exhibition which I had projected, and likely to invest the Exhibition with all the magnificence and *éclat* so necessary to attract strangers and to further the sale of the objects exhibited, the produce of which might mitigate the sufferings of our unhappy workmen."

The château was granted,—directors of manufactures were got together,—the bare walls of the palace were soon covered with tapestry and its floors with carpets. The "Chamber of Mars" was adorned with the finest porcelain; and a "wheel of fortune" was set up in the centre, with a view to the prizes, which the purchasers of tickets were to gain by lottery. The day for the opening was fixed:—all Paris was on tiptoe to enter. The sequel D'Avèze himself shall relate.—

"The courtyard was filled with elegant equipages, whose owners graced the saloons of the Exhibition, when, in the midst of this good company, I received an official notice from the Minister to attend him immediately, and to defer the opening of the Exposition. I obeyed the mandate on the morning of the 18th. I waited on the Minister, from whom I received an order to close the château. Already on the walls of our city was placarded the decree of the Directory for the expulsion of the nobility, with an order for their retirement, within four-and-twenty hours, to a distance of at least thirty leagues from Paris, and this under pain of death. My name was in the list, and, consequently, my immediate withdrawal was imperative. The barriers were strictly guarded, and it was impossible to pass them without the order of the commandant. My position was doubly painful; on the one hand it was essential to obey the decree of the Government, on the other I had an account to render of all the treasures in the château of St. Cloud. I found no difficulty in explaining my situation to the Minister and the commandant of the place, the Marshal Augereau. I requested him to furnish me with a sufficient force for the protection of the château, in which so many precious objects were deposited. He gave me a company of dragoons, under command of Captain Vatier, and ordered a passport for me, by means of which I could leave Paris and return to St. Cloud. I caused an inventory to be made in my presence of all I left in the château. I closed the gates and delivered the keys to M. Maréchal, the keeper, in compliance with the order of the Minister. I posted all around the military which had been granted to me for its security, and, my duties fulfilled, hastened to obey the decree of proscription. Such is the true and exact history of the first idea of a National Exposition, and of the first attempt to realize that idea."

So it is that the arts of peace are ever crushed to the wall in times of political ferment. However, the idea, of which the "first attempt" had been rudely checked, was not to be destroyed by a single failure:—its author, fortunately, happened to be a man tenacious of good purposes. In 1798, as soon as he could safely return to Paris, the Marquis resumed his labours,—and collected a fair show of manufactures in the Maison d'Orsay. The list of objects exhibited proved that the industry of France had not as yet felt the new demands of a middle order; the specimens being such as the luxurious alone could encourage under the old régime. Rich furniture, costly watches, "superb porcelain and china," splendid book-binding, pictures, &c. "served to show upon what class of the community French manufacture had up to the period of the Revolution mainly depended for support." The experiment, however, succeeded. Its success led the Government to adopt the idea, as "worthy of national recognition and support:—and from this period the several following Exhibitions successively displayed the progress which an enlarged number of consumers and the growth of comfort and intelligence among the people were to impart to the industry of France.

The first "official Exposition" was commanded by Napoleon, immediately on his return from the Italian campaign, at the end of 1797. Scarcely had war held its triumph in the Champ de Mars, ere a "Temple of Industry" rose on

the same site to celebrate the arts of peace:—and the show, we are told, though kept open for only the three last days of 1798, "excited the greatest enthusiasm throughout the country." In this first official experiment the groundwork of all subsequent Exhibitions was laid by the *esprit organisateur* which directed its proceedings. "The system of intrusting the judgment on the merits of the several exhibitors to a jury, composed of a few men the most distinguished in science and art, was at once adopted,"—found to work well,—and has ever since been acted on. The first intention of having annual Exhibitions was not carried into effect. Three years elapsed before the next took place, in 1801—"in the quadrangle of the Louvre, under elegant porticoes expressly prepared for this solemnity." This Exhibition was memorable for the eminent names on the list of the central jury:—more so for the tribute paid to the greatest mechanical genius that France has produced. On this occasion "the immortal Jacquard obtained a bronze medal;" and subsequently an annual pension of 1,000 francs,—afterwards raised to 6,000. We repeat with pleasure Mr. Wyatt's memorandum to the London Society of Arts, "that it was in consequence of reading the advertisement of a premium offered by that body" that Jacquard was first "induced to turn his attention to the study of that loom which has rendered his fame universal."

On this occasion, too, the practical character of the objects shown begins to mend.—We read of "improvements in the woollen manufacture," of "cottons spun *à la Müljenny*" (?), among rich carpets, Sèvres china, and morocco leather "surpassing that of Turkey itself." Another Exposition was held in the same place in the following year; the number of contributors rapidly increasing, together with the variety of useful products shown. And now one fruit of these general councils of industry appears, in the foundation of a *Société d'Encouragement*, "which has aided in an extraordinary degree the inventive talent of France and the application of abstract science to the requirements of manufacture,"—by offering prizes, the number and value of which, both at first limited, gradually became considerable, and now amount to "many hundred thousand francs." Among the founders of this patriotic company was the "first Consul subscribing for 100 shares," by the side of M. Récamier and other less-remembered names.

Four years elapsed before the fourth Exposition—"the last of the Empire"—took place, in 1806, "in a splendid building erected on the Esplanade of the Hôtel des Invalides." The interval had been marked by a quick advance of French industry, both in the variety and in the quality of its work, "under the influence of the master-mind of Napoleon," aided by such men as François de Neufchâteau, Chapet, Berthollet, &c. In textile fabrics, especially, the improvement was remarkable.—"The cottons of Muhlhausen and Logelbach" now first appear:—iron manufactures by new processes are mentioned with praise,—while "silk thread and cotton lace, blonde cloth, mixed goods, and, above all, the beautiful imitations of Cashmere shawls, exhibited a perfection scarcely to be anticipated if we take into account the terrible financial fluctuations of the period." Those years, indeed, were troubled by incessant war: and its increasing agitation and burdens forbade any repetition of the industrial fêtes during the remaining time of the Empire. They were next revived in 1819, by a fifth Exhibition, held, in the Court of the Louvre, on the day of St. Louis:—as if to persuade the nation that the star under which its arts had begun to flourish was now

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eclipsed by the ascendant of the Bourbons. The great features in this instance were the improvement in metal work of all kinds, as well as in calico printing and dyeing.—Nor can we overlook the re-appearance of Jacquard,—“gaining a prize more worthy of his great ability;” while “360 medals of different kinds, 17 Crosses of the Legion of Honour, were awarded to 377 elected out of 1662 competitors.”

From this point we need not follow in detail the subsequent Exhibitions of 1823, 1827, 1834, 1839, 1844, and 1849; which continued to attest the progress of France—during a period for the most part of internal tranquillity—in all kinds of practical industry, aided by the teaching of science and the natural readiness of an ingenious people. The chief features of each of these displays are set forth by Mr. Wyatt, in a neat tabular summary, with notices of the dates at which each new species of fabric or workmanship first began to call for applause. We shall merely observe generally, that in the course of succeeding years,—while luxurious and ornamental productions continue to abound, and maintain the national repute for manufactures in which the limits of pure art and practical merchandise nearly touch each other,—the improvement and expansion of the directly useful manufactures is still more notable:—and we may add, more satisfactory on the whole, as showing that the people at large, requiring and enjoying an increasing share of the commodities of life, have urged the producer to fresh efforts of invention, and to a more perfect application of methods already known,—to their own advantage and to the good of the commonweal. It is in the encouragement of this reciprocal action, by bringing the wants and the capacities of the consuming and the productive classes into a mutual contact and intelligence, that one principal use of such industrial Exhibitions will be found.—Their second merit lies in the spread of mechanical instruction; and another, not the least, in the emulation which they excite—a germ of further invention and improvement.

On this latter point—it may, indeed, be said on the others—our manufacturers, we are glad to see, have taken a view of the scope of such industrial congresses more sound, because more liberal, than the French are as yet clear-sighted enough to adopt. From the Appendix to this Report we learn that the present Minister of Agriculture and Commerce (M. Buffet) had recommended, before the “Exposition” of this year, that foreign as well as native productions should be admitted:—and this expressly on the ground of “useful experience” to be gained from the widest comparison, and “a spirit of emulation” to be awakened “greatly to the advantage of the country.” This proposal, however, Mr. Wyatt says, “was not favourably received” by the French manufacturing interests. We rejoice that our own manufactures take their stand on no such narrow ground. The first official display of what they can do will not be tarnished by any show of jealousy or of fear of competition with their neighbour’s skill. They have judged wisely in asking “for a fair field and no favour;” in determining to see the best of what other nations can produce, instead of closing their eyes and their doors against foreign productions,—which, if better than their

own, the consumer at all events is sure to demand. In the public celebrations of industry we are glad to borrow a good idea from our neighbours:—they may, perhaps, in time discover that it would be wise in them to take example from us in the principle of a liberal congress open to all.

Before arriving at those particulars as to the site and arrangement of the two last Paris Exhibitions, which it was the main object of Mr. Wyatt’s mission to obtain, one or two points may be noted, either as bearing on the growth and local distribution of French industry, or as suggesting hints that may be useful to our own coming “assembly of notables.” There are, for instance, some details from the report of M. C. Dupin in 1834 proving the correspondence between the development of industry and increased opportunities of cheap education—“municipal libraries, open to all readers”—“commercial and drawing schools”—“local museums, free exhibition of works of Art,” &c. &c.: shown by the sure evidence of statistics to have favoured the progress of manufactures in a merely commercial sense; while quickening at the same time the intelligence and improving the taste of the common workman, so as to bring him nearer to the level of the artist in France than in any other country. In these things lies the secret of whatever superiority in the arts of design and in the choice of colour has promoted the success of the useful, as well as of mere fancy, articles of French workmanship. The connexion between education and material progress is seen, too, in the rate of advance being materially the highest where the people are best supplied with instruction: as in Alsace especially,—where in 1834 “the ratio of the means of education to the number of inhabitants was greater than in any other part of the country.” Those who insist on the tendencies of race may perhaps discover an illustration of their views in the circumstance that the chief centres of all the new industrial progress of France are found in provinces, whether in the north-west or along the eastern frontier, which are occupied by men of Norman or Gothic blood,—down the valley of the Seine, in French Flanders, or in the German region of Alsace. The last-named district appeared in such force at the festival of 1839, that “a vast special saloon was demanded for the display of its invaluable products:”—nor do the subsequent Exhibitions show any falling off in the activity of the “master minds of the Alsatian manufacturers.”

The method of adjudging prizes by a jury chiefly formed of men of known distinction for science, integrity and general knowledge, has been noticed as a luminous idea of Napoleon’s:—whose judgment, indeed, seldom erred on any practical matter, unless it lay within the vortex of his “ruling passion.” In the official report of the Central Jury for 1844, among others which may be studied with advantage by the London Committee, the following passage deserves especial notice,—as laying down a rule generally conducive to the true objects of all such Exhibitions, and particularly needful to prevent injustice in any congress of English exhibitors.—

“Several retail dealers who sell works of art, &c., of which they are not the makers themselves, or which they have at different times caused to be manufactured from models and designs purchased from artists, have put forward pretensions to be considered as producers, and admitted under this title to the Exhibition. The central jury, after much discussion, has decided that, notwithstanding its wish to recognise the services rendered by commerce to industry, it should not lose sight of that object for which it was principally instituted, namely, to reward the results of the efforts and talent of originators;

that it was on such alone that reward could be bestowed; and that the participation in this great competition of dealers, not being manufacturers, would be followed by the inevitable and unwished-for result of often excluding the humble designer who might find himself in an absolutely dependent situation. It was, consequently, decided that no one should be permitted to display any other than his own productions, and that articles not made by, but manufactured from designs or models furnished by the vendors and would-be exhibitors, should not be regarded as coming under that denomination. The central jury having remarked the tendency of certain dealers to apply to their own profit the success rightly due to the talent of inventors, decided:—That all tickets indicating that the articles exhibited had been ordered or purchased by retail houses should be removed; as well as those which should make mention of orders executed for public or private establishments: this regulation not applying to purchases or commissions from members of the royal family. The dyers, who contribute so largely to the commercial success of the manufacture of woven goods, having experienced in many cases difficulties in making understood the extent and nature of their co-operation, the jury decided, that in the exhibition of fabrics or other dyed articles it should be allowed to indicate by tickets the name of the dyer, making known that he had been admitted by the jury of his department, in the case of this part of the labour not having been executed in the establishment of the chief exhibitor; and that it shall be specially expressed on the ticket that the fabric exposed is admitted as a specimen of dyeing. In order to limit to a convenient extent the permission which should be granted to every exhibitor to explain and shew the working of his machines or models, the jury decided that each committee should in this matter take measures for avoiding accidents, hindrance, and other inconvenience, which the abuse of such a regulation might give rise to.”

The points in Mr. Wyatt’s Report on the two last festivals of 1844 and 1849 which bear most directly on our own plans for 1851 are, an account of the temporary buildings erected for the several occasions,—the discussion of various systems of arrangement,—and that of the method of a catalogue, with its reference by tickets or otherwise to the articles shown. Of the buildings set up on the last two occasions in the Champs Elysées Mr. Wyatt has procured not only complete ground plans, but also statements of the accounted cost of each:—which, however, as well as the figures of the whole outlay on these Exhibitions, do not represent the whole actual cost. The contractor’s price for the building, for instance, is calculated for the use only of the materials, of which he resumes possession when the *fête* is over;—the charges set down for receiving and transporting the articles collected, for superintendence, &c., cannot show more than part of the real expense, where so much of the business is transacted by official departments, the payment of which is charged in separate heads under the current outlay of the State.

For architectural effect Mr. Wyatt gives the preference to the “Palace” constructed in 1844; which, though similar in its general design to that of the present year, was simpler in its internal arrangement, and must on that account have presented a finer *coup-d’œil*. The more complicated interior plan of 1849, however, seems to allow of larger access to a more numerous collection of objects, while it favours the distinct separation of dissimilar productions. The plot of this building covered a parallelogram of 675 × 328 English feet; inclosing three courts, the central one turfed and open, with a fountain in the midst. Around the whole circumference of the walls a gallery, divided by pilasters into a double avenue, was occupied by stalls for the articles to be shown. The heavy machinery and other works in metal, &c., were ranged in one of the lateral courts:—in the opposite one a reservoir, fed by the drainage from

* Limitation of space forbids us to dwell on the details of the objects exhibited in this year: among which, if we may believe reports that have already appeared in our own newspapers, there is one, invented by M. Achlin of Paris as an improvement applicable to the Jacquard loom, which is not less valuable for its economic results than curious for the discoveries which it is said to have already elicited,—as to connexions, namely, of the arts of music and design hitherto supposed to exist only in poetical imaginations or set down as the dream of “mystic” philosophers. The machine, we are glad to see, has already been brought to Manchester:—so that its effects will soon be certainly known in this country.

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the roof, gave on the spot a supply of water against danger from fire. One large shed was attached to the main building for agricultural produce and stock:—of which, however, it seems but little was presented. The style of this vast building, entirely constructed of wood, is not much praised by Mr. Wyatt; who complains of its "tasteless and unprofitable ornaments" of flimsy materials—describes "the architecture of the whole" as "mesquin," in spite of the natural impressiveness of its large dimensions,—and thinks that a far more striking effect might have been produced on this site "at the same outlay."

The estimated cost of the "Palace" was, in

	Total area.	Available area.
	Meters.	Meters.
1850 about £14,551	11,562	5,096
1844 " 15,056	19,497	9,051
1849 " 16,000	22,391	9,734

To the cost of this year must be added 2,000*l.* for the agricultural shed:—making the whole estimate about 18,000*l.* It results, says Mr. Wyatt, that the cost of the building per square foot English was, in

1839	2 <i>l.</i> 2 <i>d.</i> *
1844	1 <i>l.</i> 2 <i>d.</i> 4 <i>d.</i>
1849	1 <i>l.</i> 2 <i>d.</i> 4 <i>d.</i>

In their classification of the objects shown, after various plans had been tried all based on division by "a system of scientific arrangement," the jury of 1844 adopted "a more material classification;" dividing the manufacturing arts into:—1. Woven; 2. Mineral; 3. Mechanical; 4. Mathematical; 5. Chemical; 6. Fine; 7. Ceramic (pottery); 8. Miscellaneous. But the arrangement, says Mr. Wyatt, rather led to confusion; and the system, so far as it has been adopted in the distribution of the present year, is too complicated for useful purposes of reference. It is obvious that the point is one of great difficulty; not only from the varying nature and bulk of wrought materials referable in principle to the same class,—but also from the uncertainty in the first instance as to the numbers and quality of the articles likely to be sent in. This last inconvenience could be obviated only by a delay fatal to one chief design of the Exhibition. In our own Exhibition, destined as it is to embrace a far more numerous and varied collection, the task of arrangement will clearly be one of the most difficult provinces of the Committee's labour.

The method of the Paris Catalogue for 1849 is not approved of by Mr. Wyatt. It is drawn up in two parts: one noting with running numbers the articles as they stand in their respective stalls,—the other giving the exhibitors' names alphabetically, followed by the number of the stall of each. This method, it is remarked, is of little use after the show is over and the goods dispersed: and Mr. Wyatt insists on the importance, on every account, of adding a classified index or indices to all the productions of the same generic kind, or of a particular district, &c. Here, again, the precedent of an Exhibition confined to French industry alone will be of little use to determine the matter of one which invites productions from every quarter of the world.

On the whole, however, Mr. Wyatt's observations, interesting in themselves, will in many respects throw light on what is to be sought, as well as what is to be avoided, in the Great London Exhibition:—and we may congratulate the Society of Arts on having obtained at this early stage of their preparations so complete an account of our neighbours' long experience in festivals of this useful kind.

It will be for them to study how they can profit by what is excellent, and supply what

may have been wanting, in the French Expositions.

The Comic Almanack and Diary for 1850.
Edited by Henry Mayhew, and illustrated by George Cruikshank. Bogue.

To men whose hearts cling more and more, as year by year the inner sources of light fail them, to the outer warmth and glory of the summer time, there is always something sad in the flowering of the Chrysanthemum. Amid its pictorial beauty, it yet speaks to our experience of the death of the old year.—Such a sign in our social world is the apparition of those picture-books which recent custom has clustered, amid other emblems of the season, around the white forehead of Winter: and amid these illustrations, there is something most emphatically significant of the great periodical revolution which is at hand in that class of them which bears the title of Almanacs—ignoring, as they do, altogether the affairs and interests of this present time, and engaged with premature ministering to the service of the new year. We are not yet ready in this green old age of the year which is endeared to us by many memories, whether pleasant or sad, to transfer our interest and affections to the untried heir.—However, as one by one these messengers will now be coming in, we receive them for what they are—give them welcome as heralds merely, and then set them aside till the actual coming of the master shall raise them into dignity and importance.

The first of these servants of the year 1850 is before us in the person of the *Comic Almanack*,—whose liveries and properties have been furnished by Messrs. Cruikshank and Mayhew. The *Comic*, as our readers know from old experiences of the same kind, is one of the jesters belonging to the new establishment—though, like the jesters who followed in the train of princes of old, he has truths to convey by his own peculiar medium; and his garb is of course, like his speech, somewhat grotesque. Of a truth, we like his pictorial better than his spoken utterances—though both conform to the delivery of the same morals. Mr. Cruikshank comes out in great force in the frontispiece; which represents a court of females—judges, pleaders, jury, officers, and all being of the wronged sex—trying a culprit of the other for a "breach of promise." The whole is labelled—"As it ought to be." The manner in which the presences and properties of a court of justice are conveyed through female forms, and by a very ingenious and nowhere violent arrangement of female costumes—and the picturesque character which is at the same time given to a scene and incidents ordinarily so formal and prosaic as regards their mere outward features—make this illustration to the new *Comic* one of George Cruikshank's triumphs.

For this and for Mr. Cruikshank's other contributions to the book the reader will have to go to the book itself. Of Mr. Mayhew's part we can transfer a couple of specimens to our pages. Our readers are by this time pretty familiar with Mr. Mayhew's manner of jesting; and are prepared therefore rather for breadth than for depth—for humour than for wit. Mr. Mayhew runs the risk, too, of being somewhat unpopular with the female portion of the audience who may assemble at the Court of the coming year: the alarming spread in the skirts of ladies' dresses and a somewhat Greek and uncomplimentary view of the morals and ceremonials of marriage forming a large part of the provision here offered for their entertainment. Such of them, however, as should find anything more serious than the joke in the following amusing imitations of a Newgate ballad would

thereby offer a more serious warning against matrimony, so far as they were to be parties, than anything here written—or even than the "Portrait of the Culprit," with chain "trimmings," which heads it.—

An affecting Copy of Verses written by the Wretched Bridegroom, on the Evening previous to the Awful Ceremony.

In grief and sorrow I rue the day,
A young woman first led me astray;
There is no hope for me, to-morrow,
My life must end in shame and sorrow.

In the morning, at ten, St. George's bell
Will toll for me—dreadful for to tell;
For then, alas!—oh, bitter lot—
They tie the horrid fatal knot.

Perceval Spoonery is my sad name,
I do confess I was much to blame;
I see my folly, now it is too late,
And do deserve my most dreadful fate.

On the first of April, it came to pass,
I well remember,—Alas! alas!—
The very thought makes my heart to bleed,
I did vow to do this horrid deed.

Oh, had n't I never seen Ann Power,
I might have been happy to this hour;
Keeping company with that artful Miss,
Has brought me, in my prime, to this.

It was, while a-walking in Love Lane,
She first put the thoughts into my brain;
Sure, I had much better ne'er been born,
For now I must end my days in scorn.

Intent on effecting my vile plan,
I seeks her father—a grey-hair'd man;
And, like a madman, straight attacks him,
'Twas a heavy blow when I did see him.

With a heart of stone, or hardest metal,
The poor old man I quick did settle;
He soon was silenc'd, that fatal night,
And quite cut up—what a horrid sight!

Indeed—indeed, it was shocking sad;
How could I do it?—but I was mad;
When I did think on what I'd done,
I felt inclin'd for to cut and run.

Her mother was,—oh, horrid fact!
A vile necessary to the act;
For she did urge me on, you see,
To do this here atrocious.

Young men, by me pray a warning take—
Shun woman's company ere 'tis too late;
If you're a-courting, strive your lives to mend,
Fifty my sad untimely end.

To-morrow, many the crowd will swell,
To behold the awful spectacle:
What a dismal sight, alas! to see
A young man launch'd into misery.

As the church-bell tolls the hour of ten,
The sad procession will begin;
And then, 'midst many a tearful eye,
My hands they will proceed to tie.

While the fatal noose they do prepare,
The Parson he will breathe a prayer,
Then vainly ask for me a blessing,
And pardon crave for my transgression.

Sadly, I confess, I've done amiss,
I know there is no hope for bliss.
To-morrow I shall be a public gaze,
And then in torments end my days.

As a prose pendant, we give the writer's caricature of the sentiment and some of the incidents of

"The Happiest Day of my Life."

"The Ancients certainly made a great mistake in not choosing Niobe for the Goddess of Marriage. Hymen is by far too jolly; he is all smiles—more of the hyena than the crocodile; whilst Niobe is just as she ought to be—all tears. There never yet was a marriage that was not a perfect St. Swithin affair. No one—unless he has the soul of gutta percha, thoroughly waterproof—should think of going to a wedding with less than two pocket handkerchiefs; and, even then, a sponge is better adapted to the 'joyful occasion.' Men take wives as they do pills, with plenty of water—excepting, indeed, when the 'little things' are well gilt. If a kind of matrimonial barometer were kept in each family, and its daily indications as to the state of the weather at the fire-side accurately registered, we have no doubt that on the average being taken the following results would be arrived at:—

BEFORE MARRIAGE Fair.
DURING MARRIAGE Wet.
AFTER MARRIAGE Stormy.

Meteorologically speaking, it would be highly interesting could we arrive at a knowledge of the exact amount of 'doo' prevailing during courtship. Nobody can feel more truly wretched than on the

* This is termed a needlessly extravagant outlay.

happiest day of his life. A wedding is even more melancholy than a funeral. The bride weeps for everything and nothing. At first she's heart-broken because she's about to leave her Ma and Pa; then, because she hopes and trusts Chawles will always love her; and, when no other excuse is left, she bursts into tears because she's afraid he will not bring the ring with him. Mamma, too, is determined to cry for the least thing. Her dear dear girl is going away, and she is certain something dreadful is about to happen; and, goodness gracious! she's forgotten to lock the dining-room door, with all the wine and plate on the table, and three strange greengrocers in the house. At church the water is laid on at eye-service; indeed, the whole party look so wretched, no one would imagine there was a 'happy pair' among them. When Papa gives away his darling child, he does it with as many sobs as if he were handing her over to the fiercest Polygamist since Henry the Eighth—instead of bestowing her upon one who loves his 'lamb,' regardless of the 'mint' sauce that accompanies her. The bridegroom snivels, either because crying's catching, or because he thinks he ought, for decency's sake, to appear deeply moved; and the half-dozen bridesmaids are sure to be all weeping, because everybody else weeps. When the party return home, however, the thoughts of the breakfast cheer them up a little; and the bridesmaids, in particular, feel quite resigned to their fate. As if they had grown hungry by crying—or the tears had whetted their appetites—they drown their cares for a while in the white soup-tureen. The champagne goes off, and goes round. * * * Then the father gets up, and after a short and pathetic eulogium upon the virtues of that 'sweet girl,' whom he 'loves as his own flesh and blood,' thumps the table, and tells the company that 'any one who would not treat her properly would be a scoundrel.' Upon this, every one present turns round to look and frown at the wretched villain of a bridegroom, and then they all fall to weeping again. But so strongly has the feeling set in against the new son-in-law, that it is only by a speech full of the deepest pathos, that he can persuade the company that he has not the least thought of murdering, or indeed even assaulting his wife. At last the mother, bride, and bridesmaids retire to say, 'Good-bye,' and have a good cry all together up-stairs. Then the blessing and the weeping begin again with renewed vigour. As at Vauxhall, they seem to keep the grandest shower for the last. The bridesmaids cry till their noses are quite red, and their hair is as straight as if they had been bathing. And when the time comes for the happy pair to leave, in order to catch the train for Dover, then the mother, father, sisters, brothers, bride, bridegroom, bridesmaids, and every soul in the house, all cry—even down to the old cook, 'who knowed her ever since she was a babby in long clothes'—as if the young couple were about to be 'transported for life' in the literal rather than the figurative sense of the term."

This first taste of the Christmas catering we leave our readers to appreciate according to their several digestions.—The book has, of course, an almanac, diary, and a few of the tables most wanted for ordinary reference.

The Beauties of the Boyne, and its Tributary the Blackwater. By W. R. Wilde. Dublin, M'Glashan.

Materiem superabat opus,—exclaimed Ovid when describing that right royal but somewhat apocryphal edifice, the Palace of the Sun. It was saying much: inasmuch as the said palace was built of burnished gold, and flaming carbuncles, and polished ivory, and such like precious and costly substances,—as the poet himself attests. A like eulogium may be predicable of books as well as of palaces, whether read by a Barry or by a Vulcan. The material may be admirable, yet the genius which fashions it into a work of Art more so. A compliment even higher is due to the author of 'The Beauties of the Boyne and the Blackwater':—his volume is as imposing as his rivers are insignificant. We are reminded as we read

of a Book of Beauty,—where plain-featured and somewhat dowdy gentlewomen are converted into blooming Cytheres by the imagination and pictorial cosmetics of an accomplished artist. The immortal Captain Jackson's gorgeous description of his supper of bread and cheese, so unctuously given by Charles Lamb,—with the gradual change which it figuratively undergoes into a sumptuous banquet, as the magical elocution wherewith the worthy captain describes it burns and brightens with his fancy—is no very violent caricature of our author's feast of reason and flow of soul *apropos* of these two Irish streams. Our purveyor has given us the romance of the rivers instead of their reality. As we follow him, the streams themselves begin to rise in our good graces,—as having suggested such good landscape painting, and given water carriage to so much interesting and varied information, both antiquarian and generally scientific, as that with which this volume is freighted. We stop not to inquire whether they have come to us by the proper mode of conveyance or not:—we like to have them by any route or in any way. Isaac Walton is very delightful notwithstanding that he potters along a trout stream and keeps switching the water the while:—a pastime that in itself we love not. Philology is an excellent thing, though we could scarcely have expected it from the 'Diversions of Purley':—a title which savours of hobby-horses and the nursery. There is much practical philosophy to be gathered from Swift's 'Meditations on a Broomstick.' Defoe's 'History of Mrs. Veal' still captivates both our curiosity and our faith, although in our sane moods we know that not one word of it is true. The mighty Scamander and its tributary Simois are found to have been rivulets—if they have not been altogether fables; but then they bear an Iliad on their bosoms. What, then, is it to us whether the Boyne and the Blackwater be large or small, striking or ordinary, legendary or authentic,—if they be channels which convey to us a large consignment of gratification and instruction? Why ask, with the Quindunces—"Is it all true?" Such dullards should be sent to keep company with Madame Stark or with Bradshaw's 'Guide.'

As the Boyne, according to the author's plan, runs through the whole book, we cannot afford space for more than a comparatively short extract with reference to it. A faculty for landscape and the possession of those poetic sensibilities which are requisite for its highest development are apparent in the following description,—which inaugurates both the book and the river.—

"Towards its centre, and as it nears the sea, its banks become more elevated, their outline more picturesque. Here, rising abruptly from the water's edge, their castled crags, bending over the stream, remind us of the scenery that characterizes the Rhine between Cologne and Mayence; in other places sloping gradually from the river, their sides are clothed with foliage of the deepest, darkest green, piled up in waving leafy masses to their very summits, so that the sun itself is hidden (except at noon) in many places from its dark waters. The summits of many of these verdant banks are crowned by ruins of castles, towers, and churches, feudal halls, and high baronial keeps, still noble even in their decay, and forming, as they are cut clear and sharp against the azure blue beyond, pictures in the landscape, unsurpassed in grace and beauty by any in the land. In the broad lawns that here and there interpose between these verdant banks and steep overhanging precipices, we find the noble mansions of some of the highest of our nobility, and many of the most memorable ecclesiastical remains—the cell of the hermit, the cloister of the monk, and the cross of the pilgrim—that Ireland, rich as she is in relics of the past can boast of. Ancient stone circles, massive cromlechs, and numerous green mounds, raised by our Pagan

ancestors, some clothed with velvet sward, but others fringed with young plantations, are thickly interspersed among the more attractive objects that catch the eye, as it descends upon the limpid surface of the Boyne. Highly cultivated lands, richly ornamented seats, and a population, generally speaking, more comfortable, more intelligent and more advanced in civilization than the majority of our peasantry, may fill up the outline we have faintly and briefly endeavoured to draw of the general characteristics and present appearance of this celebrated river; and though Spenser has not sung its praises, nor Raleigh gossiped upon its banks, it has been hallowed by events the most interesting in our country's annals. So memorable in ancient history, and so rich in monuments of the past is it, that we fear not to assert that the history of Ireland might be written in tracing its banks. Many a broad smiling plain through which it flows, now green with waving corn, or perfumed and decorated with the wild flowers of a pasture land, or by some delicate female hand cultivated into the elegant garden, in the bowers of which the birds of spring are singing, was once the scene of mortal strife and crimsoned with the blood of warriors, where the clang of battle, the shout of the victorious, the groan of the dying, and the prayer of the suppliant alone were heard. Scarcely a ford upon this river but was disputed in days gone by; every pass was a Thermopylae; the bardic annals teem with descriptions of its battle; the fairy lore of other days yet lingers by its tranquil waters; and scarcely a knoll, or mound, or rock, or bank in its vicinity but still retains its legend. The peasant even yet paddles his corragh, or frail canoe of skins, across its waters, and many of the superstitious rites and customs of our ancestors are still observed by the people of that district. * * * Beyond all doubt, the earliest undoubted kings of Erin reigned upon its banks, where also the earliest laws were framed, the earliest poems sung, and the most profound druidical mysteries celebrated. Soldiers and sages, bards and brehons, have commemorated many of its localities; the romance of Irish history is laid amidst the scenery of this river, and much of the imagery of our earliest poets was drawn from this fertile source. Christianity entered Ireland through this sacred stream; Patrick first landed at the Boyne's mouth, and raised the beacon of the cross at Slane; his first sermons were preached, and his first conversions took place

Where, in delightful streams,
The Boyne, the darling of the ocean, flows."

Now really, this reminds us in parts of the manner of Creswick and Calcott united. So long as we are mere readers of the rivers, and do not look to be spectators also, we have—as already insisted on—every reason to rest satisfied with the amount of pleasure which these glowing sketches afford, and to ask no further questions. But woe betide the luckless tourist who, excited by the ethereal tints of the poet-painter, but ignorant of that mystery of the imagination which transmutes a few simple but suggestive elements into visions of fairy land, shall hastily pack up his portmanteau, and rush over to the County Meath to satisfy his eager sight with a view of this "darling of the ocean." The author himself would, under such circumstances, be more or less in a predicament. Caleb Balderstone could in some sort save his own credit and soften matters at Ravenswood to the traveller—whose appetite the worthy clerk of the pantry's tempting bill of fare had preternaturally sharpened—by the peace-offering of a roasted capon ravished from a neighbour's spit:—but who can beg, borrow, or steal a Rhine or a Danube for an occasion? We know that Mr. Puff, in 'The Critic,' gets a loaf of the Thames: but the confusion consequent on such an unusual transaction is so great, that the flurried river comes in on the stage with both his banks on the same side,—a practical bull that an Irish river would, *à fortiori*, be sure to commit. In short, the nakedness of the land—or the water rather—could not possibly be concealed in *re* Boyne and Blackwater when

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matters came to the push; and should the tourist prove a controversialist and a scribe as well as a lover of the picturesque, there is no knowing but there might be another Battle of the Books—if not another Battle of the Boyne—on the occasion.

But to be serious.—Though we have obtained here, as we have said, a clever and agreeable volume, we yet in a general sense regret the presence of a spirit of exaggeration, however harmless in itself, in any specimen of the literature of a country whose language is obnoxious to the charge of dealing in hyperbole. Besides, this spirit can rarely if ever be confined within limits where it is harmless. Its instinct is to transgress. From the banks of rivers the malaria must more or less spread towards the neighbouring groves and valleys; and we think we see in the case before us an undue weight occasionally attached to the archaeological remains that illustrate the vicinity of the Boyne and the Blackwater. Nay, the evil extends further still; and enters into subjects where precision of language is yet more essential than when the matter under discussion is merely the chronology or the probable tenor of a barrow or crypt. As, for instance, where, in the Preface, the author, after stating that the greatest amount of authentic Celtic history in the world at present is to be found in Ireland, proceeds to say that he "believes it cannot be gainsaid that no country in Europe except the early kingdoms [?] of Greece and Rome possesses so much ancient written history as Ireland!" Nationality is a good thing,—but it may be abused; and nationalities within nationalities are unreservedly bad and mischievous under all circumstances.

Having, however, made these observations, we should feel that we, too, "exaggerated" the blemishes of the volume before us if we did not add that as compared with its many merits they are but blemishes. Our strictures apply, with few exceptions, to those portions of the work in which the fault noticed is comparatively venial, and taints neither the authenticity of facts nor the soundness of opinion where these involve a grave responsibility. In almost all essential respects this book, even regarded as a Hand-Book, is as faithful as it is agreeable; whilst in its higher aims it evinces at once considerable scientific research, and that far rarer quality the gift of original thinking.

Before closing our notice we furnish one or two more extracts. The story of Dearvorgail 'the Helen of the Irish Iliad,' as narrated by the author, reveals some curious particulars.—

"The elopement of Dearvorgail (or Dearvorgailla, which means in Irish 'the true pledge') with Dermot Mac Murrough is generally believed to have been the sole cause of the English invasion; but this is questionable; at least the subject requires to be further investigated, although there can be little doubt but it rendered the king of Leinster more obnoxious to O'Rourke and his connexions, the O'Conors of Connacht, than he had previously been, and probably hastened the catastrophe. O'Rourke was blind of one eye, and, at the time of the elopement, must have been as old as Dermot at least, and, consequently, several years senior to his wife who, we know to a certainty, was born in the year 1108, and was therefore in her forty-fourth year in 1152, the date of her and our misfortune. At this time Dermot was in his sixty-second year; and appears from all accounts to have been of a most amiable disposition and ungainly person. Giraldus Cambrensis, who must have seen him frequently, thus describes him (we quote from Hooker's translation): 'This man, from his verie youth, and first entrie into his kingdome, was a great oppressor of his gentlemen, and a cruell tyrant over his nobles, which had bred him great hatred and malice. Dermot Mac Murrough was a tall man of stature, and of a large and great bodie, a valiant and a bol

warrior in his nation; and, by reason of his continual hallowing and crieing, his voice was hoarse. [*Ex crebro continuoque belli clamore voce rauisima, &c.*] He rather chose to be feared than loved. He would be against all men, and all men against him.' After the battle of Ossory, it is recorded that when the heads of the slain were brought before him by the soldiers of Robert Fitzstephen, 'among them there was the head of one whom espessialle and above all the rest he mortallic bated. And he taking up that by the heare and cares with his teeth most horrible and cruellie bit awaie his nose and lips.' Speaking of O'Rourke, the same author writes, that when he heard of his wife's flight, he 'was forthwith marvellouslie troubled, and in great choler, but more grieved for shame of the fact than for sorrow or hurt, and therefore was fully determined to be avenged.' O'Rourke was on a pilgrimage at Croagh-Patrick at the time, and not at Lough-Dearg, as has generally been stated; and the Irish historians inform us that the Princess of Brefney left her husband's roof, and fled with the King of Leinster, taking with her her ornaments and her cattle, with the knowledge and even at the instigation of her own brother, O'Melaghlin, son of the King of Meath. The Annals of the Four Masters inform us that 'Dearvorgilla (i. e. the wife of Tiernan O'Rourke), daughter of Murrough O'Melaghlin, died in the monastery of Drogheda (Mellefont), in the eighty-fifth year of her age.' A.D. 1193. It should be remembered also that Mac Morough was not expelled from his kingdom for several years after."

We would willingly lay the chapter on ethnology under contribution—as being perhaps the most interesting in a scientific point of view in the book; but as our limits admit of but a short further extract, we turn to something more compact.

Here is a sketch of Laracor,—the early residence of Dean Swift.—

"It is a dark, secluded locality, into which one would suppose a breath of the busy world without never entered; a spot more uncongenial to the anxious thoughts and high ambition of the Irish patriot can scarcely be imagined; but he had here other charms and more endearing associations, to which even the votaries of politics and philosophy are not inaccessible. Here Stella and Mrs. Dingley lived, and here they sauntered through the quiet roads with Dr. Raymond, the Vicar of Trim, and with the future author of 'Gulliver' and the 'Drapier's Letters.' Here, on this very bridge which spans the noiseless streamlet, with its sedge margins of willows and alders, must Swift have often mused; (for who is there that has not mused upon a bridge's battlements when gazing on the current beneath?) Beside this bridge, on the right hand side of the road, once stood the residence, and around it the well-stocked garden of the Dean, but the whole is now (or was when we last visited it) an ill-titled potato garden; yet, without guide or cicerone we were able to trace, from the recollection of the scene as described in the journal to Stella, the pond and bath which existed in this garden, the boundary of its ancient walls, the site of the very willows, some of whose posterity still exist, which hung over the stream and beneath which the Dean and Esther Johnson so often walked. Some remnants of the brick wall which enclosed the garden, and the stands on which some bee-hives stood, were discovered a few years ago; but briars and thorns, rank sedge, and luxuriant weeds, are yearly obliterating even the faint traces we refer to. Of the house, a small portion of one of its gable ends is all that now exists; even this, thick and massive as it is, will soon have crumbled away, for, to the disgrace of those connected with the rectory, two wretched cabins have been erected within the site of the walls of Swift's glebe at Laracor. In front of this residence stands a very perfect sepulchral mound, similar to that which we described already at Clonard, but very much smaller; and beyond this we find the old parish church, to which Swift ran the race with Delany, and where 'my dearly beloved Roger' officiated as clerk. Within this church we find a handsome monument erected to the last Wesley or Wesleyes, who bequeathed his name and his estate to the ancestor of the present Duke of Wellington.

About a mile nearer Trim is pointed out the cottage which Stella and Mrs. Dingley occupied; but this is somewhat apocryphal."

The volume has been very neatly got up,—and the wood engravings are in good taste and well executed.

On the Nature of Limbs. A Discourse delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By Richard Owen, F.R.S. Van Voorst.

THE abstract of this lecture which has appeared in our columns [*ante*, p. 172,] gave an idea of its general scope. Its subsequent publication by the author has made it accessible to—and its subject capable of study by—all. The diagrams with which the lecture was illustrated are here given—in the form of woodcuts; with the addition of other figures in the appended plates, in which the skeletons of man, the quadruped, the bird, the reptile, and the fish may be compared with each other and with the ideal archetype.—We welcome the publication of the lecture in its present form; believing it eminently calculated to render the nature of the higher generalizations of anatomical science intelligible, and to establish the sound inductive character of the researches on which they are based.

The novelty in English philosophy of the trains of thought necessary to the discovery of these generalizations is exemplified in the difficulty which Prof. Owen confesses to have felt in framing a fitting and intelligible title for his discourse. "General Homology" is the technical equivalent of the idea which in German philosophy is signified by the word "Bedeutung"; and this Bedeutung, or signification of an organ or part in an animal body, is defined at the outset of the discourse as being "That essentially which it retains under every modification of size and form, and for whatever office such modifications may adapt it. I have used therefore the word 'Nature' in the sense of the German 'Bedeutung,' as signifying that essential character of a part which belongs to it in its relation to a predetermined pattern, answering to the 'idea' of the Archetypal World in the Platonic cosmogony, which archetype or primal pattern is the basis supporting all the modifications of such part for specific powers and actions in all animals possessing it, and to which archetypal form we come, in the course of our comparison of those modifications, finally to reduce their subject."

The subjects selected wherewith to illustrate this principle are, the limbs of the vertebrate animals which are adapted for a great diversity of functions—such as swimming, burrowing, flying, running and grasping. The close conformity of their structure to a common type is demonstrated even in the most extreme instances of modification, as seen in the whale's fin, the mole's trowel, the wing of the bird and the bat, the foot of the horse, the limbs of the monkey, and the human hand and arm.

In this part of the work, in which the special adaptation of the various parts to their office is pointed out, those who are acquainted with Sir Charles Bell's book 'On the Hand' will at once be struck with the analogy between the two writers. No clearer idea, however, could be acquired of the large advance of anatomical investigation since the publication of that work than by comparing the spirit and terms in which the problem suggested by the wonderful correspondence of structure observed in the organs for swimming, burrowing, flying, running, and delicate prehension is discussed severally by Sir Charles Bell and Prof. Owen.

No reflective mind could fail to be dissatisfied with the brief terms which the author of the Bridgewater Treatise devotes to his demonstration that "the bones in the whale's fin are accommodated to an instrument for swimming,"

—that "No fault is to be found with the construction of these instruments." But when Sir Charles Bell dismisses the fact of the repetition of the various segments and bones concealed beneath the common tegumentary sheath of the paddles of the whale and the ichthyosaurus by the assertion that "no bone is superfluous," we feel that an appeal is made rather to our faith than to our reason. When we find the number of parts (phalanges) in one of the hidden fingers of the porpoise's fin varying from seven to nine in different individuals, it is not perhaps correct to apply to the ninth bone the epithet of "superfluous;" but we cannot view its presence in the same light or as having the same direct use with the constant terminal phalanx which supports the nail in the fingers of the human hand. It is, in fact, impossible to discern and appreciate the same direct relation and connexion of "humerus," "radius," "ulna," "carpal bones," "metacarpals," "first," "second," and "terminal phalanges" of the fingers concealed under the stiff undivided fin, and moving by a single joint, which the anatomist can demonstrate with regard to these bones in the arm and hand of man.

Prof. Owen brings forward similar but more striking instances—as in the skull of the young bird and kangaroo—to show the inadequacy of "final causes" to explain structure. No true student of Nature can read this part of his eloquent discourse without feeling strongly impressed with the necessity of our researches and reasonings on animal structures being based on wiser and deeper principles than are involved in the shallow notion of "final causes." We must, with our author, "feel the truth of Bacon's comparison of 'final causes' to the Vestal Virgins, and perceive that they would be barren and unproductive of the fruits we are labouring to attain, and would yield us no clue to the comprehension of that law of conformity of which we are in quest."

The spirit in which Sir Charles Bell (and we cite him as the best example of a class of able anatomists) viewed the attempts which had been made at the time when he wrote to master by investigations into the law of conformity to type the difficulties which he eludes by such assertions as we have cited from his work, is shown by his comments on the labours of philosophic anatomists ('Bridgewater Treatise', pp. 135 and 138). He represents those labours to his readers by brief citations of some of the crudest guesses of Geoffroy St. Hilaire:—whom Prof. Owen well characterizes in his present work as the "boldest speculator in the mine of transcendental ideas." Sir Charles points out the obvious and easy character of such guesses,—and dismisses the whole subject of a profounder study of anatomy with no feigned contempt.

How imperfect a view of the state and progress of homology is given in the 'Bridgewater Treatise' may be learnt by the brief but accurate summary of the labours of Oken, Dumeril, Spix, Bojanus, Göthe, Cuvier, and De Blainville in the second chapter of Prof. Owen's profound and philosophical work 'On the Archetype and Homologies of the Vertebrate Skeleton.' Sir Charles Bell restricts himself to the indication of some of the plainest instances of those correspondences which Prof. Owen has defined as "special homologies":—and even these are admitted into the 'Bridgewater Treatise' with evident hesitation and distaste. Thus, in reference to the anterior extremity of a reptile, Sir Charles Bell writes—"Accordingly, the bones which, by a kind of licence, we continue to call clavicle, omoplate or scapula, and coracoid, though strangely deviating from the original form and connec-

tions," &c. p. 65:—and the law of special homology is elsewhere called "a sort of licence." We advert to these features in the work of the great physiologist of the nervous system—with profound respect for his eminent qualities and important discoveries—only for the purpose of denoting the land-mark in the territory of science which indicates the extent of the new acquisitions made by the subsequent labours of Prof. Owen,—and especially developed in the present discourse.

It would be difficult to give an account of the result of Prof. Owen's labours without quoting the whole of this pregnant discourse:—but of the spirit in which it is composed the concluding paragraph may be taken as an example.—

"Something also I would fain add with a view to remove or allay the scruples of those who may feel offended at any expressions that seem to imply that any part or particle of a created being could be made in vain. Those physiologists who admit no other principle to have governed the construction of living beings than the exclusive and absolute adaptation of every part to its function, are apt to object to such remarks as have been offered regarding the composition of the skeleton of the whale's fin and of the chick's head, that 'nothing is made in vain;' and they deem that adage a sufficient refutation of the idea that so many apparently superfluous bones and joints should exist in their particular order and collocation in subordination to another principle; conceiving, quite gratuitously, in my opinion, the idea of conformity to type to be opposed to the idea of design. But let us consider the meaning which in such discussions is commonly attached to the phrase 'made in vain.' Were the teleologist to analyse his belief in the principle governing organization, he would, perhaps, find it to mean, that so far as he can conceive of mechanism directly adapted to a special end, he deems every organic mechanism to have been so conceived and adapted. In a majority of instances he finds the adaptation of the organ to its function square with his notions of the perfection of a machine constructed for such an end; and in the exceptional cases, where the relation of the ascertained structure of an organ is not so to be understood, he is disposed to believe that that structure may be, nevertheless, as directly needed to perform the function, although he perceives that function to be a simple mechanical action, and might conceive a more simple mechanism for performing it. The fallacy perhaps lies in judging of created organs by the analogy of made machines; but it is certain that in the instances where that analogy fails to explain the structure of an organ, such structure does not exist 'in vain' if its truer comprehension lead rational and responsible beings to a better conception of their own origin and Creator. Our philosophic poet felt that—

'Tis the sublime of Man,

Our noontide majesty to know ourselves

Parts and proportions of a wondrous whole.—Coleridge.

Nor could the ignorance of this truth be without its benumbing and bewildering influence on the human mind. The learned Cudworth tells us that—"The Democritick Atheists reason thus: If the World were made by any Antecedent Mind or Understanding, that is by a Deity; then there must needs be an 'Idæa' and 'Exemplar' of the whole world before it was made, and consequently actual knowledge, both in order of Time and Nature, before Things." But these Democritans arguing of knowledge as it is got by our finite minds, and ignorant of any evidence of an ideal Archetype for the world or any part of it, concluded that there could be no knowledge or mind before the world, as its cause. And in the same spirit Lucretius asks:

Exemplum porro gigunda rebus et ipsa
Notities hominum Divis unde insita primum,
Quid vellet facere ut scirent amoque viderent?

Now, however, the recognition of an ideal Exemplar for the Vertebrate animals proves that the knowledge of such a being as Man must have existed before Man appeared. For the Divine mind which planned the Archetype also foreknew all its modifications. The Archetypal idea was manifested in the flesh, under divers such modifications, upon this planet, long prior to the existence of those animal species

that actually exemplify it. To what natural laws or secondary causes the orderly succession and progression of such organic phenomena may have been committed we as yet are ignorant. But if without derogation of the Divine power, we may conceive the existence of such ministers, and personify them by the term 'Nature,' we learn from the past history of our globe that she has advanced with slow and stately steps, guided by the archetypal light, amidst the wreck of worlds, from the first embodiment of the Vertebrate idea under its old Ichthyic vestment, until it became arrayed in the glorious garb of the Human form."

The reader who would appreciate the kind and extent of research requisite for successfully grappling with those phenomena in comparative anatomy which "final causes" are so inadequate to explain, cannot do better than study this discourse 'On the Nature of Limbs.'

The Caxtons: a Family Picture. By Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, Bart. 3 vols. Blackwood.

WHATEVER place may be awarded to Sir E. Bulwer Lytton as an artist in Romance, in Poetry, in Drama, or in Philosophical Essay, there can be no question that as an experimentalist he is indefatigable, and amongst modern Englishmen unrivalled. How far such universality of effort tends necessarily to preclude earnestness and individuality in any single branch of Art, is a reasonable question. We are inclined, at any rate, to think that our versatile author approaches nearer to his own peculiar vein in 'The Caxtons' than in any novel published by him since the early days of 'Devereux.' Though his manner of narration, speculation, and confession is here, as elsewhere, not guiltless of affectation, in the book before us Sir E. Lytton presents himself in his most becoming attitude. As a humorist, he has fancies, feelings, and paths of his own entirely distinct from those explored by our Lambs and Hood, or Dickens and Thackerays. Shrewd, quiet, quaint—not always natural—as often paradoxical as profound—his lighter passages and less ambitious works have nevertheless the merit of a completeness and a philosophy which we cannot so freely award to the terrors of 'Lucretia' or the mysticisms of 'Zanoni.' He is happier when sardonic than when he is sublime—when sentimental than when he is impassioned.

Thus, we repeat, we prefer 'The Caxtons' to most of Sir Bulwer Lytton's recent novels. Many, we think, who may have found a limited edification in dwelling on his great historical "canvasses" or his fantastic compositions, will return with pleasure again and again to study this 'Family Picture.' The centre of the group—and head of the house of Caxton—is a modest, reserved scholar; as absent as the most absent Prebendary or Fellow who ever wore out his threescore-years-and-ten in single loneliness and study of the Greek drama—as considerate as a woman—as gentle as a child—as wise as a Nestor. On the sayings of this character Sir E. Lytton has lavished the treasures of an extensive commonplace book with a sort of Shandean seriousness which is very pleasing. We have rarely, it is true, encountered a father who kissed his first-born, or took counsel with his wife, so classically as Mr. Austin Caxton:—yet there is nothing to interfere with our faith in the existence of the class or to diminish our affection for the individual. His wife is, simply, the sweetest female portrait that we recollect to have met with in Sir E. Lytton's long gallery. The son of these two—christened Pisistratus, half in jest and half in earnest—keeps the chronicle, and tells the story of his race. Though he is—as in hero's duty bound—manly, adventurous, not without experience of the world or power to utilize the

same, he of Books prettily as the reader "Are the the of the note of i opinion in Pedoceph isomorph if there ex heretics, man who made by are as man or with the their wives especially cessors, th or with th by the de and Naza of Noah's on fire;) there were of Profun or with th (who still Profundit who are s Caintes, honouring would co with the Divine at thypter, Apelles, and wine thought invariably Tatani a who were thrust th their dev Artotyril all the fo never ge Robert H heterodox the life o to content Having the abo phatic 2 return to in this h hero's f Roland's with th veins. shadow pervers almost t influence to recla the intru tures, a matic is more pl and the fan howeve turbanc stage th But who fig ton's b to the in his lity, an knowle this per when a summer acquies

same, he is still the legitimate son of the Man of Books; and can rhapsodize and amplify very prettily after the fashion of 'The Doctor':—as the reader shall see.—

"Are there any of you, my readers, who have not read the *Life of Robert Hall*? If so, in the words of the great Captain Cuttle, 'When found, make a note of it.' Never mind what your theological opinion is—Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Pædobaptist, Independent, Quaker, Unitarian, Philosopher, Freethinker,—send for Robert Hall! Yes, if there exist yet on earth, descendants of the arch-heresies, which made such a noise in their day—men who believe with Saturninus that the world was made by seven angels; or with Basilides, that there are as many heavens as there are days in the year; or with the Nicolaitanes, that men ought to have their wives in common, (plenty of that sect still, especially in the Red Republic); or with their successors, the Gnostics, who believed in Jaldabaoth; or with the Carpocratians, that the world was made by the devil; or with the Cerinthians, and Ebionites, and Nazarites, (which last discovered that the name of Noah's wife was Ouria, and that she set the ark on fire); or with the Valentinians, who taught that there were thirty Æones, ages, or worlds, born out of Profundity, (Bathos), male, and Silence, female; or with the Marcites, Colarbasii, and Heracleonites, (who still kept up that bother about Æones, Mr. Profundity, and Mrs. Silence); or with the Ophites, who are said to have worshipped the serpent; or the Cainites, who ingeniously found out a reason for honouring Judas, because he foresaw what good would come to men by betraying our Saviour; or with the Sethites, who made Seth a part of the Divine substance; or with the Archonticks, Ascophytes, Cerdonians, Marcionites, the disciples of Apelles, and Severus, (the last was a teetotaler, and mid wine was begot by Satan!); or of Tatian, who thought all the descendants of Adam were irretrievably damned except themselves, (some of those Tatiani are certainly extant!) or the Cataphrygians, who were also called Tascodragites, because they thrust their forefingers up their nostrils to show their devotion; or the Pezupians, Quintilians and Artotrites; or—but no matter. If I go through all the follies of men in search of the truth, I shall never get to the end of my chapter, or back to Robert Hall: whatever, then, thou art, orthodox or heterodox, send for the *Life of Robert Hall*. It is the life of a man that it does good to manhood itself to contemplate."

Having confessed that we have in part quoted the above passage in order to subjoin our emphatic *Amen!* to the commendation,—let us return to the other individuals who are grouped in this Caxton picture. In contrast with our hero's father, stands the soldier uncle Captain Roland; a stern, romantic, honourable man, but with the nobility of real gentle blood in his veins. He, too, has a son, who makes a dark shadow to our friend Pisistratus,—and whose perverse and cynical profligacy would seem almost to place him beyond the reach of such influences as are here, nevertheless, made at last to reclaim and restore him to his family. In the introduction of this same Vivian, his adventures, and their solution, centres the melodramatic interest of the tale; or—to state matters more plainly—resides its weak point. So easily and harmoniously flows the general current of the family chronicle, that we feel incidents, however forcible, so forced, to be a serious disturbance. They savour more strongly of the stage than befits such a novel as this.

But commend us to a near family connexion who figures in the family picture,—Mrs. Caxton's brother, Uncle Jack. He is a speculator to the bone: endowed with a forty-ruin power in his sanguine temperament, his gross credulity, and his smattering of versatile and inexact knowledge. The endlessness and elasticity of this personage are little short of terrible; and yet when all the disasters wrought by him are sadly summed up—where somehow or other cannot help acquiescing in the glass of punch with which his

victims comfort their spoiler in his estate of penitence and low water:—terrible as such sympathy may sound to the medalists! Only, Uncle Jack is left, at the close of the tale, in a state too nearly approaching to prosperity for the hard, naked truth. Such gentry as he could not succeed, if even they had California to themselves.—There is but one other character in the novel of much mark—Sedley Beaudebert: a charming and noble person, high-bred and high-minded; who richly deserves what he finds—a young wife (to adapt an epithet of Hazlitt's) of coronet beauty and coronet character.

We are perplexed how to follow up our commendation by extract: and after some hesitation, have selected the following,—not because it is a thread from which the colour and texture of the web may be inferred, but because as an episodic figure embroidered on the main design, it yet is in itself complete. It is a story told by Uncle Roland, the soldier,—and told with a purpose. But in our columns the tale must speak for itself as a tale.—

"It was in Spain, no matter where or how, that it was my fortune to take prisoner a French officer of the same rank that I then held—a lieutenant; and there was so much similarity in our sentiments, that we became intimate friends—the most intimate friend I ever had, sister, out of this dear circle. He was a rough soldier, whom the world had not well treated; but he never railed at the world, and maintained that he had had his deserts. Honour was his idol, and the sense of honour paid him for the loss of all else. We were both at that time volunteers in a foreign service—in that worst of service, civil war,—he on one side, I the other,—both, perhaps, disappointed in the cause we had severally espoused. There was something similar, too, in our domestic relationships. He had a son—a boy—who was all in life to him, next to his country and his duty. I, too, had then such a son, though of fewer years.—(The Captain paused an instant; we exchanged glances, and a stifling sensation of pain and suspense was felt by all his listeners.) 'We were accustomed, brother, to talk of these children—to picture their future, to compare our hopes and dreams. We hoped and dreamed alike. A short time sufficed to establish this confidence. My prisoner was sent to headquarters, and soon afterwards exchanged. We met no more till last year. Being then at Paris, I inquired after my old friend, and learned that he was living at R—, a few miles from the capital. I went to visit him. I found his house empty and deserted. That very day he had been led to prison, charged with a terrible crime. I saw him in that prison, and from his own lips learned his story. His son had been brought up, as he fondly believed, in the habits and principles of honourable men; and, having finished his education, came to reside with him at R—. The young man was accustomed to go frequently to Paris. A young Frenchman loves pleasure, sister, and pleasure is found at Paris. The father thought it natural, and stripped his age of some comforts to supply luxuries to the son's youth. Shortly after the young man's arrival, my friend perceived that he was robbed. Moneys kept in his bureau were abstracted he knew not how, nor could guess by whom. It must be done in the night. He concealed himself and watched. He saw a stealthy figure glide in, he saw a false key applied to the lock—he started forward, seized the felon, and recognised his son. What should the father have done? I do not ask you, sister! I ask these men; son and father, I ask you.'—Expelled him the house," cried I.—"Done his duty, and reformed the unhappy wretch," said my father. '*Nemo repente turpissimus semper fuit*—No man is wholly bad all at once.'—'The father did as you would have advised, brother. He kept the youth; he remonstrated with him; he did more—he gave him the key of the bureau. 'Take what I have to give,' said he: 'I would rather be a beggar than know my son a thief.'—'Right: and the youth repented, and became a good man?' exclaimed my father.—'Captain Roland shook his head.—'The youth promised amendment, and seemed penitent. He spoke of the temptations

of Paris, the gaming-table, and what not. He gave up his daily visits to the capital. He seemed to apply to study. Shortly after this, the neighbourhood was alarmed by reports of night robberies on the road. Men, masked and armed, plundered travellers, and even broke into houses. The police were on the alert. One night an old brother officer knocked at my friend's door. It was late: the veteran (he was a cripple, by the way, like myself—strange coincidence!) was in bed. He came down in haste, when his servant woke, and told him that his old friend, wounded and bleeding, sought an asylum under his roof. The wound, however, was slight. The guest had been attacked and robbed on the road. The next morning the proper authority of the town was sent for. The plundered man described his loss—some *billets* of five hundred francs in a pocket-book, on which was embroidered his name and coronet (he was a vicomte). The guest stayed to dinner. Late in the forenoon, the son looked in. The guest started to see him: my friend noticed his paleness. Shortly after, on pretence of faintness, the guest retired to his room, and sent for his host. "My friend," said he, "can you do me a favour? go to the magistrate and recall the evidence I have given."—"Impossible," said the host. "What crotchet is this?"—The guest shuddered, "*Peste!*" said he: "I do not wish in my old age to be hard on others. Who knows how the robber may have been tempted, and who knows what relations he may have—honest men, whom his crime would degrade for ever! Good heavens! if detected, it is in the galleys, the galleys!"—"And what then?"—the robber knew what he braved.—"But did his father know it?" cried the guest.—A light broke upon my unhappy comrade in arms: he caught his friend by the hand.—"You turned pale at my son's sight—where did you ever see him before? Speak!"—"Last night, on the road to Paris. The mask slipped aside. Call back my evidence!"—"You are mistaken," said my friend calmly.—"I saw my son in his bed, and blessed him, before I went to my own."—"I will believe you," said the guest; "and never shall my hasty suspicion pass my lips—but call back the evidence."

"The guest returned to Paris before dusk. The father conversed with his son on the subject of his studies; he followed him to his room, waited till he was in bed, and was then about to retire, when the youth said, 'Father, you have forgotten your blessing.' The father went back, laid his hand on the boy's head, and prayed. He was credulous—fathers are so! He was persuaded that his friend had been deceived. He retired to rest, and fell asleep. He woke suddenly in the middle of the night, and felt (I here quote his words)—'I felt,' said he, 'as if a voice had awakened me—a voice that said, "Rise and search." I rose at once, struck a light, and went to my son's room. The door was locked. I knocked once, twice, thrice—no answer. I dared not call aloud, lest I should rouse the servants. I went down the stairs—I opened the back door—I passed to the stables. My own horse was there, not my son's. My horse neighed; it was old, like myself—my old charger at Mount St. Jean! I stole back, I crept into the shadow of the wall by my son's door, and extinguished my light. I felt as if I were a thief myself.'—"Brother," interrupted my mother under her breath, 'speak in your own words, not in this wretched father's. I know not why, but it would shock me less.' The Captain nodded.—'Before daybreak, my friend heard the back door open gently; a foot ascended the stair—a key grated in the door of the room close at hand—the father glided through the dark into that chamber, behind his unseen son. He heard the clink of the tinder-box; a light was struck; it spread over the room, but he had time to place himself behind the window curtain, which was close at hand. The figure before him stood a moment or so motionless, and seemed to listen, for it turned to the right, to the left, its visage covered with the black hideous mask which is worn in carnivals. Slowly the mask was removed; could that be his son's face? the son of a brave man?—it was pale and ghastly with scoundrel fears; the base drops stood on the brow; the eye was haggard and bloodshot. He looked as a coward looks when death stands before him. The youth walked, or rather skulked, to the secretaire, unlocked

it, opened a secret drawer; placed within it the contents of his pockets and his frightful mask; the father approached softly, looked over his shoulder, and saw in the drawer the pocket-book embroidered with his friend's name. Meanwhile, the son took out his pistols, uncocked them cautiously, and was about also to secrete them, when his father arrested his arm. 'Robber, the use of these is yet to come.'

—The son's knees knocked together, an exclamation for mercy burst from his lips; but when, recovering the mere shock of his dastard nerves, he perceived it was not the gripe of some hiring of the law, but a father's hand that had clutched his arm, the vile audacity which knows fear only from a bodily cause, none from the awe of shame, returned to him. —'Tush, sir,' he said, 'waste not time in reproaches, for, I fear, the gens-d'armes are on my track. It is well that you are here; you can swear that I have spent the night at home. Unhand me, old man—I have these witnesses still to secrete;' and he pointed to the garments wet and dabbled with the mud of the roads. He had scarcely spoken when the walls shook, there was the heavy clatter of hoofs on the ringing pavement without. 'They come!' cried the son. 'Off, dotard! save your son from the galleys.' —'The galleys, the galleys!' said the father, staggering back; 'it is true—he said—"the galleys."—There was a loud knocking at the gate. The gens-d'armes surrounded the house. 'Open, in the name of the law.' No answer came, no door was opened. Some of the gens-d'armes rode to the rear of the house, in which was placed the stable-yard. From the window of the son's room the father saw the sudden blaze of torches, the shadowy forms of the men-hunters. He heard the clatter of arms as they swung themselves from their horses. He heard a voice cry, 'Yes, this is the robber's gray horse—see, it still reeks with sweat!' And behind and in front, at either door, again came the knocking, and again the shout, 'Open, in the name of the law.' Then lights began to gleam from the casements of the neighbouring houses; then the space filled rapidly with curious wonderers startled from their sleep; the world was astir, and the crowd came round to know what crime or what shame had entered the old soldier's home. Suddenly, within, there was heard the report of a fire-arm; and a minute or so afterwards the front door was opened, and the soldier appeared. 'Enter,' he said to the gens-d'armes: 'what would you?' —'We seek a robber who is within your walls.' —'I know it; mount and find him: I will lead the way.' He ascended the stairs, he threw open his son's room; the officers of justice poured in, and on the floor lay the robber's corpse. They looked at each other in amazement. —'Take what is left you,' said the father. 'Take the dead man rescued from the galleys, take the living man on whose hands rests the dead man's blood!' —'I was present at my friend's trial. The facts had become known beforehand. He stood there with his gray hair, and his mutilated limbs, and the deep scar on his visage, and the cross of the legion of honour on his breast; and when he had told his tale, he ended with these words—"I have saved the son whom I reared for France, from a doom that spared the life to brand it with disgrace. Is this a crime? I give you my life in exchange for my son's disgrace. Does my country need a victim? I have lived for my country's glory, and I can die contented to satisfy its laws; sure that if you blame me, you will not despise; sure that the hands that give me to the headsman will scatter flowers over my grave. Thus I confess all. I, a soldier, look round amongst a nation of soldiers; and in the name of the star which glitters on my breast, I dare the Fathers of France to condemn me!"—They acquitted the soldier,—at least they gave a verdict answering to what in our courts is called 'justifiable homicide.' A shout rose in the court, which no ceremonial voice could still; the crowd would have borne him in triumph to his house, but his look repelled such vanities. To his house he returned indeed, and the day afterwards they found him dead, beside the cradle in which his first prayer had been breathed over his sinless child."

We regret that it is impossible for us, by further quotation, to illustrate the pleasant drolling, the prosy philanthropy, and the stilted affectations which this novel contains. Our readers are aware, no doubt, that 'The Caxtons' has

already appeared in a periodical:—and but for its unusual merits, it must therefore have been passed over by us in a paragraph.

The People's Dictionary of the Bible. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.

WHEN we consider that the Bible is a collection of no less than sixty-six distinct works, written in languages foreign to us, at different times, under different circumstances, with different objects, and by many different authors,—some of whom flourished several centuries before the age of the earliest profane author, and the latest nearly eighteen hundred years ago,—while all lived in a region, climate, and state of society as unlike our own as can well be imagined, and were familiar with objects of nature, works of art, domestic manners, social usages, political institutions, and religious observances altogether alien from those now in vogue amongst us—it is easy to see how impossible it must be for an English reader of the present day rightly to understand even those parts of it which do not involve any doctrinal difficulty of interpretation, without a large body of illustrative information. Yet, with the exception of Calmet's celebrated work—which is now in some measure superseded by more modern researches—and Dr. Kitto's expensive Biblical Cyclopædia, we have no dictionary of the Bible properly so called:—i. e. no book containing an alphabetical list of the terms and names occurring in Scripture, accompanied by suitable explanations. There are commentaries upon the whole or parts of the Bible, it is true; but all, except the Pictorial Bible, consist of doctrinal discussions and moral reflections rather than exegetical or illustrative information. The theological dictionaries, as their name implies, are devoted to the explanation of technical terms used by theologians,—and are for the most part written by leaders of different theological schools with a view to support the peculiar dogmas of their own several sects.

It was therefore a matter of satisfaction to us to find that at length a Dictionary of the Bible had been prepared expressly for the people. We naturally expected that both the price and contents of a work entitled 'The People's Dictionary of the Bible' would be adapted to meet the wants of all readers. Great, then, was our disappointment to find, on inspection, that the volumes before us possess no such claims to the patronage of the public at large as the tempting title led us to anticipate. This disappointment was rendered still greater by our having learnt from the preface that the author contributed largely to the excellent Biblical Cyclopædia edited by Dr. Kitto.

We dislike the anonymous character of the present publication. A work of this sort should bear the author's name—that the public may know who it is that undertakes to teach them on a subject where they are compelled to take much on trust. They have a right to see his credentials,—to be furnished with some proof of his competency as a scholar and of his honesty as a man: otherwise how can they tell what reliance may be reasonably put on his statements? Concealment with regard to such matters leaves room for the indulgence of unpleasant suspicions. The author in the present case repeatedly and strongly disclaims all sectarian bias:—yet it is impossible to read either the preface or a few pages of the work without discerning the cloven foot.

In the former he tells us that "in composing a work designed to throw light on the common treasury of Christian truth and hope, he has carefully abstained from advancing opinions characteristic of a sect or hostile to standards of faith generally held in respect. His insinua-

tions as to the sincerity of the reverence for Scripture professed by "the bulk of educated divines," his narrow-minded objections to the study of the ancient classics, together with the frequent recurrence of certain cant phrases and the snatches of hymns, show, however, plainly the school to which he belongs. A book intended for the people ought to be written under the guidance of a large and liberal spirit, in language intelligible to all and offensive to none. It is not to be denied that this Dictionary contains a good deal of useful information,—gleaned principally from modern German divines; but it is encumbered by the admixture of the author's own reflections, which are remarkable only for the feebleness of the thought and the poorness of the expression. Nothing can be more "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable" than his prosy commonplace sermonizing.

There are some omissions at which we are surprised. For instance, under the article headed *Abraham* no account is given of the original name *Abram*, or its change. Again, there is no article on the *Urim* and *Thummim*. It is true that little or nothing is known on the subject:—still a Dictionary of the Bible ought at least to contain some account of the conjectures formed by learned men in reference to it. No mention is made of the *sabbat* or the *dulcimer*. For information with regard to the latter the reader is referred to the article on music:—where however we have been unable to find it. Some articles—such as those on the words *bid* and *languish*—are altogether superfluous.

The illustrations are in keeping with the rest of the work. Many are useless,—some ridiculous,—and all so miserably executed as to disfigure instead of adorning the pages. At the end of the second volume is a huge list of works, written in all languages, by men of every shade of opinion, on subjects in some way connected with Scripture though the connexion is not always obvious. As it extends over nearly fifty closely printed pages, we mistook it at first for a bookseller's catalogue. Its professed object is, "to afford to the English student aid in the study of the rich treasures of Continental theology":—yet more than half the books have no reference to the subject. It is hard to see why the lives of Mrs. Fry, Dr. Arnold, John Foster, and many others are here enumerated. Had the author made a selection of such books as he considered essential, he might have done his reader some service; but to heap together a confused mass of literature, requiring a longer life for its perusal than usually falls to the lot of mortals in these degenerate days, can tend only to perplex and dishearten.

An Autobiography. By François-René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand. Vol. 3. Simms & M'Intyre.

"VANITY of vanities" is assuredly the motto befitting the author of 'Atala,' 'Les Martyrs,' &c., if ever it befitted living man. How enchanted must he have been over the production of this autobiography! How many a page and paragraph of experience, poetry and prophecy, must he have written "with a halo round his head"—the expression is his own! How necessary did he imagine his credit and renown to be to the glory of France. Alas, for poor mortality! These memoirs of Chateaubriand are offered to a public which scarcely takes the trouble from month to month of asking, with *Christophoro Sly*, "Comes there any more of it?" The English "Library" translation seems to be already abandoned as a failure by its undertaker,—and the work has been delivered over to the cheap publishers. It may possibly

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know a "second spring" of popularity on some
future day—though even such optimists as
we deem the possibility to be "the barest of
the bare."

It is not the times, only, that are to blame for
this desperate state of affairs:—in part it is the
essential barrenness of the memoirs themselves.

In the case of no man of genius within our
recollection does egotism so entirely obscure
powers of observation as in M. Chateaubriand's.
Out of all his fine phrases and periods we
scarcely disinter a single clear idea of any one
person, celebrated or obscure. Yet he could
paint in words when he pleased: and not in-
felicitiously, as will be seen in the following
passage.—

"Madame de Coislin was a woman of most dis-
tinguished appearance. She was about eighty years
of age; her proud and commanding eye was expressive
of wit and irony. Madame de Coislin was by no
means a literary woman, and prided herself upon her
deficiencies. She had passed through the Voltairian
age without being aware of it; if she had formed any
idea of it whatever in her own mind, it was that of an
age of eloquent *bourgeois*. It was not that she talked
much of her high birth; she was too superior a woman
to be ridiculous—she knew well how to receive little
people without derogating from her dignity; but then
she was descended from the first marquis of France.
If she could trace her ancestry back to Dragon de
Nesle, killed in Palestine in 1096; to Raoul de Nesle,
constable of France, and knighted by Louis XI.; to
John II. of Nesle, regent of France during the last
crusade of St. Louis, Madame de Coislin avowed
that it was a freak of fate for which she ought not to
be held responsible. She belonged naturally to the
court, as others who were more fortunate belonged
to the streets; just as it chanced that one horse
might be born a blood mare, another a hackney jade:
—she could not remedy this accident; and all that
remained for her was to bear as well as she could
the misfortune with which it pleased heaven to afflict
her. Had Madame de Coislin any *liaisons* with Louis
XV.? She never confessed to me that she had.
She owned, however, that he had been much attached
to her, but pretended that she had treated her royal
lover with the utmost rigour. 'I have seen him at
my feet,' said she to me; 'his eyes were charming
and his language most seductive. He offered me
one day a porcelain *toilette* like that which was
possessed by Madame de Pompadour. 'Ah sire,' I
exclaimed, 'I should use it for the purpose of
concealing myself beneath it!' By a singular chance I
afterwards saw this *toilette* at the house of the Mar-
chioness of Conyngham, in London; it had been
given her by George IV., and she showed it to me
with most amusing simplicity. Madame de Coislin
occupied an apartment in her hotel opening on the
colonnade which corresponds with the colonnade of
the *Garde Meuble*. Two sea pictures by Vernet,
which had been given to the noble lady by Louis le
Bien Aimé, hung against an old piece of green satin
tapestry. Madame de Coislin reposed till about two
in the afternoon, in a large bed also hung with green
curtains. She sat up supported by pillows; a kind
of nightcap, badly put on, allowed her grey hairs to
escape from beneath it. Large diamond ear-rings,
set according to the fashion of former days, and
bearing some resemblance to chandeliers, rested upon
the shoulder-straps of her bed-gown, which was
covered with snuff after the fashion of the *élégantes*
of the Fronde. Scattered around her on the quilt
lay in all directions covers of letters, separated from
the letters themselves; and upon these covers Madame
de Coislin wrote down her thoughts in all sorts of
ways. She never bought paper—it was the post
which supplied her with it. Every now and then a
little dog called Lili would creep out from amongst
the bed-clothes, bark at me for five or six minutes,
and then retreat growling into his kennel by the side
of his mistress. Thus had time disposed of the
young love of Louis XV. Madame de Châteauroux
and her two sisters were cousins of Madame de
Coislin. This latter lady was not of a disposition to
reply, like Madame de Mailly, a true penitent and a
Christian, to a man who insulted her in the church of
St. Roch by addressing her with an insulting epithet—

'My friend, since you know what I have been, pray
to God for me.' Madame de Coislin, avaricious like
many other *gens d'esprit*, accumulated her money in
her cupboards. A vermin of crown pieces clung to
her person and ate into her very soul; her household
used to ease her of them. When I used to find her
absorbed in an inextricable maze of accounts, she
reminded me of the miser, Hermocrates, who, when
dictating his will, had constituted himself his own heir.
She now and then, however, by chance gave a dinner
party—but she always hesitated at the idea of having
coffee, which she averred nobody liked, and which
was only used for the purpose of prolonging the
repast. Madame de Chateaubriand performed a
journey to Vichy along with Madame de Coislin and
the Marquis de Nesle; the Marquis hastened on
before, and ordered excellent dinners. Madame de
Coislin came after him, and only called for half-a-
pound of cherries. At her departure, an enormous
bill would be presented to her, and then a terrible
explosion always ensued. She would not hear of
paying for anything but the cherries; the landlord
would insist that whether people eat or not, the
custom at an inn required that they should pay for
their dinner. Madame de Coislin had made for her-
self a sort of *illumination* according to her own
fashion. At once credulous and incredulous, the want
of faith led her to make a mockery of that belief
whose superstitions frightened her. She had met
Madame de Krüdner. The mysterious French-
woman was only illuminated when it happened to
suit her own convenience. She did not please the
enthusiastic Russian, who, on her side, was as little
agreeable to her. Madame de Krüdner said in an
impassioned tone to Madame de Coislin, 'Madame,
who is your interior confessor?' 'Madame,' replied
Madame de Coislin, 'I do not know my interior
confessor; I only know that my confessor is in
the interior of the confessional.' After this, the
two ladies never met again. Madame de Coislin
boasted of having introduced a novelty at the court
—the fashion of uncovered necks—in
opposition to the wishes of Queen Mary Leczinska,
who was very pious, and opposed this danger-
ous innovation. She maintained that in former
days, a person who was really *comme il faut* would
never dream of paying his physician. Exclaiming
against the quantities of linen which ladies were in
the habit of making up, she said, 'That smells so
much of the upstairs; we ladies belonging to the
court never had more than two chemises, and when
they were worn out, we replaced them—we were
always dressed in silk, and did not look like *grisettes*,
as do these young ladies of the present day.' Madame
Suard, who lived in the Rue Royale, had a cock,
whose crowing, which was heard across the inside
courts, annoyed Madame de Coislin. She wrote to
Madame de Suard:—'Madame,—Order your cock's
throat to be cut.' Madame Suard sent back the
message with the note:—'Madame,—I have the
honour to inform you, that I will not order the throat
of my cock to be cut.' The correspondence went
no further. Madame de Coislin said to Madame
Chateaubriand, 'Ah! *mon cœur*, what days we live
in! She is the only daughter of that Pankoucke,
the wife of that member of the academy, you know?'
—M. Hénin, formerly Deputy for Foreign Affairs,
and as tiresome as a protocol, scribbled long romances.
He was reading one day a description out of one of
them aloud to Madame de Coislin. A lady, forsaken
by her lover and bathed in tears, was, in melancholy
mood, fishing for a salmon. Madame de Coislin,
who was getting impatient, and did not like salmon,
interrupted the author, and said to him with that
serious air which made her seem so droll, 'Monsieur
Hénin, could you not have made this lady catch
some other fish?' The stories which Madame de
Coislin related could never be preserved, for there was
nothing in them—everything was in the pantomime,
the aspect and the manner of the narrator: she
never laughed. There was one dialogue between
Monsieur and Madame Jacqueminot, which was per-
fect beyond everything. When in the conversation
between the husband and the wife, Madame Jacque-
minot replied, '*Mais, M. Jacqueminot!*' this name
was pronounced in such a tone that you could not
tell it being convulsed with laughter. Obligated to wait
till it was over, she would sit quietly by, taking snuff.
On reading one day in the newspaper an account of

the death of several kings, she took off her spectacles,
and blowing her nose, said quietly, 'There seems to
be a rot amongst these creatures who wear a crown.'
When she was at the very point of death, some one
who was standing at the side of her bed maintained
that people only sank because they allow themselves
to do so,—and that if one kept one's mind on the alert,
and never for a moment lost sight of the approaching
enemy, one would not die at all. 'I believe it,' she
said, 'but I fear that something will happen to dis-
tract my mind.' She expired. I went down the
next morning to her apartment. I found Monsieur
and Madame D'Avary, her sister and her brother-
in-law, seated near the fire, a little table between
them, and counting out the louis-d'ors which were
contained in a bag that they discovered hid behind
a panel. The poor lifeless corpse lay there on its
bed, the curtains half drawn; she no longer heard the
sound of the gold which ought to have awakened her,
and which was now being reckoned by fraternal
hands. Amongst the thoughts which were written
by the deceased on the margins of books and the
covers of letters, some were extremely beautiful.
In Madame de Coislin I was presented with a spec-
imen of what remained of the court of Louis XV.
under Buonaparte and after Louis XVI.,—as in
Madame de Houedetot I had found a relic of the
philosophic society of the last century lingering on
the threshold of the nineteenth."

The above is good enough to make us regret
that the book contains so few pages of similar
import and quality.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Sketches of Cantabs. By John Smith (of Smith-
Hall) Gent.—We have had, for the present, enough
of Professors of "*Physiologie*" after the manner of the
French—enough of class-sketches. We have heard
so much of "Gents," and "*Snobs*," and "fast" and
"slow" men, &c. &c.—that we are willing to take
refuge in a *bona fide* Catechism of Natural History,
as being not merely more profitable but actually
more amusing, too. It is high praise, then, to say
of the little book before us that we have read it with
entertainment. Many of the classes into which the
genus Cantab is divided are neatly discriminated,—
in a style none the less acceptable because the fun
is not dragged in by the head and shoulders. A few
lines will suffice by way of specimen of the sketches
in manners.—

"Before we take leave of the reading man, there
are one or two more characteristic traits which we
shall do well to notice. He seldom reads an Eng-
lish work, and of the history of his native country
is strangely, almost supernaturally, ignorant. Passing
occurrences do not affect him. He doesn't care
how many men are slaughtered on the banks of the
Jhelum. His heart is at Marathon, his sympathies
with the gallant Hannibal at Cannæ. The fields
with which he is best acquainted are not battle fields
but rectangular ones with mathematical properties,
through which he fights his way to a solution over
the carcasses of x's and y's. Beautiful landscapes fail
to delight him. He looks upon hills, and valleys,
and rivers as interesting or otherwise according to
their capabilities of furnishing a sum. Of course, I
must be understood to speak of mathematical read-
ing men.—And, *apropos* to this, I can tell the beloved
purchaser an anecdote for the truth of which I will
vouch. The Rev. Mr. G., Senior Wrangler of his
year, and Fellow of St. John's College, went some
time ago with a reading party into Wales. On his
return, a friend asked him if he had visited Snowdon.
—'Snowdon!' he replied, 'what is that?'—'Why
the great mountain; don't you know?'—'Oh! ah!
yes to be sure, so it is,' said he; 'why no; the fact
is, we had a little hill behind the house where we
were lodging, quite high enough for all practical
purposes.' * * * Another peculiarity connected with most
reading men is, that when they do take a holiday
they take it with a vengeance. One friend of mine,
for instance, sets apart a week in every term for re-
creation; during which he may be seen at distances vary-
ing from fifteen to twenty miles from Cambridge, in a
velocipede, perspiring at every pore. A second indulges
in a ride every now and then; returning home covered
with mud, but jocular. A third makes his holidays
totally with Jullien's masquerade nights:—and

never, oh never, can I forget seeing my friend, one of the most prim and staid of mortals, descend in chain armour from a Hansom's cab. He was accompanied by a demon (afterwards a high wrangler) from a small college."

To sum up.—Tiny as this book is, and little to our liking as is the race to which it belongs, there may yet be possibly found in its pages as large an amount of information and philosophy as in the ponderous record of frivolous and semi-savage dullness some years since put forth by one Dr. Cornelius, in which we were treated to the chair-ridings, beer-idyls, and padded duels of the Students of Germany.

A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers. By Henry D. Thoreau.—One of Mr. Chapman's importations from the United States. The Concord and Merrimack are not rivers which would be likely to yield much matter of interest to the traveller—even if he sought for it,—which Mr. Thoreau does not. His pages are the record of a week of picnicking, and boating—and the vagrant thoughts and fancies to which a man of education and reading habits may give himself up in "hours of idleness." The book would therefore be better described as a series of essays on love, poetry, religion—and so on. The matter is for the most part poor enough; but there are a few things in the volume, scattered here and there, which suggest that the writer is a man with a habit of original thinking, which with more careful culture may produce a richer harvest in some future season. The manner is that of the worst offshoots of Carlyle and Emerson: all Mr. Thoreau's best things are spoilt in the utterance. If he would trust in his own genius, he has that to say which might command a larger audience. But imitations of an imitation! The world is too old and the prophets are too many for such things to have a chance of a public hearing in these days.

A Narrative of Journeys in the Land of Israel. By Robert Willan.—There may be nothing to offend in this volume, but there is nothing to recommend. A narrative more utterly commonplace we do not recollect to have perused. There must be a local public of readers whom better works rarely reach, to account for such publications as this.

"Our Colonies." By Arthur Wellington Hart.—Mr. Hart is a Canadian of experience; who says he has watched with anxiety the course of our colonial legislation for the last dozen years or more—and is convinced that unless a change takes place, and soon, in our policy towards our dependencies, they will all follow the example of the United States and set up for a separate existence. This conviction impels him to make a strong appeal to the Government and the nation on the subject:—for he has no sympathy with the revolutionists and republicans of Canada. On the contrary, he strongly condemns the recent concessions of the Governor-General in the Indemnity Bill. What Mr. Hart asks for is, greater power for the local assemblies. For his exposure of the evils from past policy in all our best colonies, we must refer to the pamphlet itself.

Decline of Geographical Discovery; being an Appeal to the British Public on behalf of Geographical Science, with the Object of Resuscitating a Spirit of Enterprise and Exploration. By James Richardson.—An earnest and well-written appeal on behalf of the writer's favourite pursuit; but the reader, even of Mr. Richardson's brochure may possibly disagree with him as to the extent of the alleged decline of the spirit of adventure in modern times. All the great outlines of island and continent—with the exception of the Polar Circles—are now pretty well known; and require the presence of the survivor rather than of the geographical explorer. The problems which remain unsolved—such as the whereabouts of the sources of the Nile, the course and affluents of the Niger, the position of the Mountains of the Moon, the North-West Passage, the character of Interior Australia, and so forth—are by no means suffered to fall into abeyance. The writer is an enthusiast in his work; and if he can communicate some of his own fervour to the public, he will have done good service. His proposal that our "missions" should be made to subserve the purposes of science as well as of sect, by sending out men qualified by previous training to observe accu-

rately and report correctly, will meet, it may be expected, with little sympathy from those who have the choice of instruments for missionary enterprise.—Altogether, we may commend the pamphlet to the attention of our geographical readers.

The Idioms, or Exercises on the Difficulties of the French Language. By L. Malaher, B.A.—Idioms, according to the Dictionary of the French Academy, are the national physiognomy of a language. They form so large and essential a part of both spoken and written language, that without a tolerable knowledge of them it is impossible either to understand others or to express one's self intelligibly. M. Malaher complains, not without reason, of the deficiency of most of our books of instruction in reference to this point, as well as the unsuitable character of the idioms collected in those which are not altogether without them. Many of the idiomatical phrases are rather witticisms and eccentricities than the genuine features of the language, while others of comparatively rare occurrence occupy the place of such as are absolutely essential. This little book consists of a series of short English sentences, each embodying some useful idiom; followed by a vocabulary at the end, where all the idioms are arranged according to the alphabetical order of the leading word in each, and translated into French. The sentences are also arranged in the same order. The idioms are unquestionably well chosen:—but we cannot say that they are always correctly translated.

Elements of English Grammar, for the Use of Ladies' Schools. By R. G. Latham, M.D.—Dr. Latham's larger works on English grammar are well known to be the most philosophical of the innumerable treatises in this department. No one has dived so deeply into the genealogy of our language, or so satisfactorily explained the grounds of many apparent anomalies. The present is an admirable introduction to his more difficult works. The first part comprises an instructive history of the English language in all its varied stages of development. Then follows a chapter on the sounds and letters, which is one of great value. Having thus laid a good foundation, the author proceeds to declension and syntax, which he has rendered more useful by a brief account of the structure of propositions. The prosody at the end is also excellent. On the whole, we think this a more practically useful book for schools than his larger work expressly prepared for them.

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NATIONAL LIBRARY OF PARIS.

THE extracts in the *Athenæum* from the Evidence and Report on Public Libraries may possibly have led some of your readers to the well-beaten conclusion that "they manage these things better in France,"—more especially with respect to the free and unrestricted admission which is made to contrast so forcibly with the formalities to be observed before an entrance can be obtained to similar establishments in our own country. In reference, however, to some of the evidence there is such a thing as telling the truth without telling the whole truth:—and perhaps you will allow an old frequenter of the public libraries of Paris to add a supplement to the facts which have been put forth on this subject.

The Library of Paris (it used to be the Royal.—I do not know what it is now) is open to all the world. Every passer by has a right to enter and to claim a book. At the top of the stairs is a vast gallery, occupying three sides of the quadrangle which forms the edifice. This is the reading-room. Long tables and benches are at the service of all comers. The reader has only to choose his seat and ask for the book which he affects. But it may first be requisite to look into the Catalogue. He will perhaps be astonished at the small compass within which the reputed million of volumes are recorded. Nevertheless, the official keeps his countenance while he hands it over—and is very sorry if the inquirer cannot find what he wants.—I will, however, put the case that he does find it. If the book happen to be in the reading-room, it will be given to him by the sub-librarian in whose division of the room it is—when he can hit upon the right one. If not, there is no saying when he may get it. I have waited two hours for such a book as a volume of the 'Mémoires de l'Académie des Inscriptions.' At three o'clock the great privilege expires. The reader must depart:—to have his person searched at the bottom of the stairs by the *concierge*, if it is his pleasure to do so. I do not mean to say that such a proceeding is usual:—but I have seen the operation performed on students going out with portfolios under their arms. On public days, when the Cabinet of Curiosities at the end of the reading-room is opened, the reader had better find some other occupation for his time than trying to read here unless he can study to the accompaniment of the scraping of feet and the hum of voices:—and in winter he must suspend his studies, or freeze. No artificial warmth enters the Library. This is to be understood as a laudable precaution against the danger of fire to a collection so inestimable:—but an official whose confidence has been gained may perhaps whisper that it is to prevent the reading-room from becoming the winter habitation of economists who keep no fire at home. Everybody knows the extensive patronage which accrues to the Parisian *cafés* on this score.

All this refers to the Printed Book Department. There is also the Manuscript Department. Here the reader will find himself in a small ante-room, with a table in the middle at which he is at liberty to accommodate himself. Catalogue there is none. If the reader knows what he is about, he will go prepared with the numbers of the MSS. which he wishes to see. Perhaps he may get the right one. Perhaps—certainly, if he asks for anything of rarity or value—a ragged heap of leaves marked with his number will be handed to him, and he will be assured in the most polite terms that he has made a mistake.

The Print-Room is also a small ante-room, fitted up with table and benches for twenty-four. If the amateur can obtain a seat, he may obtain an engraving on the same terms as he can a MS.—that is to say, by knowing what to ask for:—and be it said, as far as my experience goes with more honest treatment. But let him not go to the Print-Room on days when the Louvre is closed. He will find the four-and-twenty seats occupied by four-and-twenty juveniles with tile-cut beads under cultivation, drawing from the most paltry lithographs.

To all this some other correspondent may show another side. I will show you the other side myself.—With proper guarantees difficulties vanish. Armed with a personal introduction from an influential

member of the Institute to an influential officer of the Bibliothèque, I have penetrated beyond the ante-room of the MS. Department,—and have been room appropriated to my use,—and have been entrusted with the rarest objects in the Cabinet of Medals. But where is the library or museum to which access cannot be obtained on similar terms, however exclusive or jealous its management. The question is—how are the public treated? For my own poor part I am slavish enough to prefer the restrictions of the British Museum to the freedom of the Bibliothèque.—I am, &c. P. S. W.

SCIENTIFIC NOMENCLATURE.

As there is some truth in the following complaint—we have suffered our correspondent to state it in his own quaint and amusing way.

October 24.

SOME years ago the use of alligators was announced:—Each of them contains, be the same more or less, of oil one barrelfull. The teaching of science is a pleasant stream, particularly full of alligators. Sigillaria, Lepidodendra—with such names is a past creation re-baptized by our scientific godfathers; and for the poor creatures of to-day, Lamprogenia pulchella, Asterotrichon Blepharanthemum, or Chamaedoria Nunnezharia are examples of style and title. Five syllables or none; while our own darling English asks not so many letters—pine, oak, elm, yew—with which to mark the living children of the forest. Ichthyosaurus, Megalotherium,—here are fine animals: while mother English is quite happy with two letters for an ox,—and in honour to the feminine gender adds but one more to make it ew. Man, bull, cat, mouse, frog, toad:—dear mother English, be not yet cast down! "An ass in Cloth of Gold is but an ass." Megalotherium is a disheartening fellow,—but he only means "Big Beast." There is no barrel of oil in that Alligator:—barely a pipinfull. As for the mystic elements,—Oxygen is nothing more rare than a chemical Xantippe, Mother of Sharpness,—and Bromine is but the Father of Stink. May I, then, venture the profane conviction that one-half at least of our scientific nomenclature is no better than

A cheat which scholars put upon
Other men's reason and their own?

Dare I venture to hint that they make fine words much after the manner of that precocious son of a discerning bricklayer who, according to Sir Kenelm Digby, came home from school and told his father that Bedubius waste the Latin for bread, and that the Latin for beer was Beeribus,—and continued thus in his endeavour to delude him until that fond parent "apprehending that the mysteries his son had learnt deserved not the expense of keeping him at school, bade him put off immediately his Hosibus and Shoebus, and fall to his old trade of treading Mortaribus?"

Revenons à nos—Alligators. The chief cause of the great space which scientific words are suffered to consume consists in a desire to construct names which shall describe as well as designate an object. Thus, a possession common to many families of men, a nightcap apt at a certain spot to wear into a hole, is ascribed by the imagination of human science in an especial manner to one family of plants, under the name of a Dimidiata Calyptra; and thus, again, a class of Mollusca parallel with the young imitators of Lord Byron's toilet are called Nudibranchiate, from their naked gills. And it is for the sake of these meanings that repulsive terms are cherished! It is for the sake of this oil that we nourish Alligators!—Now, it is to be granted that there is no language which does not build upon the same foundation. In every case the name of an object sprang first from a rule attempt at terse description. This is the source of language: first, sounds are imitated,—then we translate sight into sound (as Locke's famous blind man did who thought that scarlet colour was like the sound of the trumpet), and on that foundation build descriptive compounds. Science, to be exact, must have a language of her own. It is not cant to say so:—it is cant or ignorance to say, as some have done, that she can do without it. Scientific men have invented terms accordingly, framed on the common rule. But why does it happen that the phrase of science, built wholly by an aristocracy

among men, should be of all others most absurd and cumbersome?

Two reasons suggest themselves. First, does it not often happen that those who have devoted their lives to the pursuit of facts contract a contempt for fancy? Apt to discover, they are totally unable to invent. Such men have done vast good in their generation. They have created among us intellectual light,—but are they not also answerable for a little darkness. Then, too, as an appendix to this suggestion, it might be added that the same motives which impel one man to call his mud boots Antigropelos, and another to convert braces into Kalomorphoplastics, are not inert in their operation upon mortals of a higher class. The man of literature labels his book with some title often elaborated carefully to catch the passing eye: after the same plan is it that the man of science labels his discovery,—happy if, at the expense of a new crop of dogs' ears, his lexicon yields to him some name, Greek and sonorous, which he trusts will almost by its own power win for him the respect and attention of the wise.

There is a second reason, however, for the cumbersome of scientific language, which appears more worthy of attention. If we observe among the nations the results at which language-makers have, perhaps instinctively, arrived, we shall find this rule of tolerably extensive application:—that words are short very much in proportion to their frequency of use. In some cases this may be because, being more often upon the tongue, they are more liable to suffer the contracting process; but in whatever manner we have arrived at the result, certain it is that those nouns and adjectives, those verbs and expressive particles, which are of perpetual recurrence rarely overstep two syllables, and are most commonly confined to one. This is not fanciful:—but it may be fanciful to carry out the proposition further still. To suggest that among the trees, for example, those which are most common to our lips are almost all one-syllabled,—as oak, elm, beech, fir, ash, yew, and the greater number of the fruit trees; that those of two syllables include for the most part objects of less frequent speech,—as, poplar, willow, chestnut; three syllables carry us a little further,—among sycamore and horse-chestnut; and another syllable brings us into the society of such dainty exclusives as rhododendron and laurustinus. This accidental result of the tendency of language to shorten all words in familiar use might be illustrated also among the animals by which we are surrounded. Nature in the days of Torricelli used to abhor a vacuum:—now the jaws of man object to being perpetually filled with nuts. Man was given an omnibus to ride in,—and he calls it a bus. He was provided with street cabriolets,—and he called them cabs. If it so happened that the name of horse was hippopotamus, it would be potmus in a month and pots before a year was over.

Now, do we not trace here the origin of a great flaw in Scientific Nomenclature? Terms and phrases which must of necessity recur in almost every page, are all built alike on a colossal scale. This language is a chess-board with all the pieces kings. There is no flow in scientific speech:—it crawls or marches. It is a stream, all fish, and without water. It is a grand march of alligators, forcing each other down some stony channel,—not a river in which alligators swim.

The fame of scientific men would be more justly grounded, it would be less a matter of courtesy and tradition which the mass take for granted, if the general public could be admitted to at least a part appreciation of the honours which they deserve. A dry style and an unwieldy language shriek out now their "Procul ite profani!"—but this need not be. For much longer time this cannot, indeed, continue. The likes and dislikes of that little unruly member which "no man can tame" must be consulted. For want of this respect to the Tongue's old prejudices, the noblest pictures of the human mind are already too much obscured from an unpractised eye. The dust of ages, with all its disadvantages, it would indeed be unwise now to submit to dilettante picture cleaners,—but we may at least preserve from like disfigurement the works which are to be produced in time to come.

H. M.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Catalogue of the Leipzig Michaelmas Book Fair—the last relic of an ancient custom—has just been published; and contains the titles of 4,192 new books and pamphlets. How rapidly the Press reflects the world around it, is seen in this Catalogue:—which, as might have been expected, is marked all over with the moral of the times. Politics, with all their stormy utterances and all their hasty inductions, are the prevailing topic. New laws and new constitutions, and schemes of government of all kinds, are the Romance of the Catalogue. History, Biography and Logic all draw at the revolutionary fount.—It is re-assuring to stumble upon some proof of the identity of mankind of to-day with mankind of a year or two ago, in the fact that several new cookery-books are announced. The Spirits of despotism and of anarchy and of vengeance like feed on human food.—If, amid the madness and cruelty on one side, and the stifled wrath and burning memories on the other, and the terror and distrust on both, we could venture to hope for an early revival of the good time which is said to be coming, we might fancy that we saw signs of that also in this Leipzig Catalogue. There are indications here that the German *sans* are returning to their labours and the German publishers to their confidence in a settled order of things. The Catalogue mentions as forthcoming a Collection of Egypto-demotic Inscriptions, by Brugsch—a Teutonic Dictionary, in six or seven volumes, quarto, by the Brothers Grimm—a work on General Anatomy, with from 200 to 300 engravings, by Koelliker—a translation into German of the entire Mahabharata, by Goldstücker—the Coptic manuscript, Pistis Sophia, now in the British Museum, edited from the posthumous papers of Dr. Schwartz—by the same scholar, a Coptic Grammar,—by Prof. Brockhaus, an edition of the Vendidad Sade, from a Paris and a Bombay manuscript,—by Francisque Michel, an edition of Baena's ancient Spanish Cancionero, with a glossary,—by Curtius a work on the Topography of the Peloponnesus—a French translation of Passavant's work on Raphael,—by Emil Braun, a cheap edition of the 'Monumenti' of the Instituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica—and many other learned works.

The foes of the new florin have not altogether lost their labour—though they have missed their object. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is said to have gone in search of precedents for the omission of the words *Dei gratia*, in order to convince those who accept no other argument than that of prescription. There are still men in the world whose test of the morality or of religious character of a particular thing is, that their fathers did it. These are the moral antiquaries—who love the wisdom that is a little rusty. They prefer doctrine, as they do their port, with a crust on it. When logic has failed—you have but to dig them up an ancient instance.—The result of the search by the Chancellor of the Exchequer is, that it would appear to have been common at one period to omit the assertion of the "divine right" on the copper coins. Charles the Second, William the Third, and the Georges First and Second were all placed on the coinage without it. This explanation will probably satisfy the lookers back:—the lookers forward are expecting something better than a rule by legend. With them, the Divine favour is a thing to sanction a right, well exercised—not to found one, *quand même*.

As one means of securing better homes for the poor of London, it is suggested by the *Journal of Public Health* that on any house falling empty it shall not be again let until certified to be habitable by a competent person appointed by Government for that purpose. To guard against clandestine violations of the rule to be so laid down, it would be needful to render all rents for uncertified houses irrecoverable at law. The poor, in most cases, have no power to defend themselves against the neglects of their landlords: the State is therefore bound to afford them protection against abuses of the "rights of property" which lead manifestly to the destruction of human life.

The water question seems to promise as much excitement as the gas question did in the days of our youth. Between the parties with whom the rival schemes find favour there is a noise and tumult in

the midst of which the public interest is likely enough to be forgotten.—One of the water-parties is for giving its custom to the Thames. At Henley the waters of the river are, it is said by these enthusiasts, pure enough for drinking and plentiful enough for washing and flushing.—Another party cries out that the river will be drained by the million mouths of the metropolis, as the rivers of Thrace were by the armies of Xerxes. This party is for having artesian wells dug in a hundred places.—The Thamesians retort that by so doing the Artesians will drain the water-mine which lies in the great chalk basin.—The fears of both parties are founded in reason; and yet before many years be over, both a stream from the river and all the artesian wells which can be dug will be required to supply London with the limpid fluid. The great mistake which the projectors make is, the low rate of consumption which they assume for the future. In ten years from the present—if baths shall become common and the tax be taken off soap and towels, if the Sanitary Commission will cease to squabble and go to work, if the population shall go on increasing as it promises to do—if all these things shall happen, as most likely they will in the course of nature and of legislation—the consumption of water will be three or fourfold what it now is. The scheme which should receive the meed of public approval must provide for these improvements and contingencies.

We are informed that the Managers of the Field Lane Ragged School are anxious to gain the notice of the benevolent to their attempt to give a sort of employment to those who seek shelter in the refuge in Fox's Court. By chopping wood for use in kindling fires it is believed that these outcasts might earn the food and shelter which is afforded them—while they are making that progress in instruction and giving that evidence of a wish to live honestly which are now made the conditions of a free passage to the Colonies. The house already taken would, it is said, accommodate double the number now occupying it, could the managers dispose of enough of wood so cut up to keep them all employed. The appeal is made not merely to the charitable—but to the purchaser generally. Every family in London consumes fire-wood;—a few orders for it sent to the Field Lane Ragged School would be a service to a very useful institution.

At a recent meeting of the Penzance Natural History and Antiquarian Society, Mr. Richard Edmonds gave an account of supposed Phœnician remains recently discovered near St. Michael's Mount.

"The stream flowing under Marazion bridge [he says] being lately diverted, flowed westward to a considerable distance along the base of the adjoining sand hillock, rapidly undermining it and washing away large portions. In sections thus made I saw, at the depth of between 12 and 20 feet beneath the surface, the remains of ancient walls rudely built of unwrought stones mixed with clay,—and near them great quantities of ashes, charcoal and slag, or the vitrified refuse of smelted ores, such as may be seen near any tin smelting house at the present day, grains of tin being frequently imbedded in the slag. Some very ancient broken pottery of rude manufacture was also found, and much brick. But the most extraordinary discovery which my nephew and myself made when we had removed a portion of the sand within a few inches of one of the walls, was two fragments of a copper vessel resting on a layer of charcoal. A considerable portion of the charcoal had combined with the copper, during the lapse of ages; and a beautiful bluish green substance had resulted, closely resembling, and no doubt identical with, malachite, or the carbonate of copper. The fragments were each about six inches long, four wide, and only about 1-20th of an inch thick; having been apparently parts of a circular top of a vessel three feet in diameter,—the mouth being bent back into a horizontal rim three quarters of an inch broad. The charcoal adhering to the vessel was exclusively on the outside.—It seems highly probable that this copper furnace was brought hither by the Phœnicians; for it is recorded by Strabo that they furnished us with earthenware, salt, and copper utensils (chalcomata) in exchange for our tin, lead and hides.—Cæsar, too, has stated, that the copper which the Britons used was imported."

A society has been formed at Birmingham to co-operate with other organized bodies having in view the repeal of all taxes on knowledge—but with a special intention of agitating for a repeal of the stamp on papers containing news. Few men now-a-days expect any reason for a tax; the appropriateness of an article for bearing a state burden is not so much considered as its productiveness. But in the case of news—the youngest truths of history—the infliction of a penalty in the shape of a stamp-tax is absurd as well as oppressive. The poor man may buy untaxed falsehood of all kinds:—truth he can

get only at a premium which he is often unable to pay.—We welcome every attempt to remove this monstrous anomaly.

We observe that the directors of the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution, adopting an idea familiar to the readers of the *Athenæum*, have changed their lecturing system. They have abandoned the fragmentary style in which the programmes of nearly all such institutions are made up for the winter season. Instead of eighteen lectures on different and unconnected topics, they purpose to have three series of six lectures each on ancient history—so arranged as to exhibit the development of the race down to the fall of the Roman Republic. We notice this on account of the principle which is involved. Mr. David Masson will open the season with a philosophic statement of the nature and purpose of histories—and treat of the question whether a science of history is possible. Other lecturers then take the grand civilizations of Greece and Italy as their themes.—We are convinced that this is the way to make popular lecturing useful. Little can be expected in the way of improvement from programmes such as that of the Marylebone Institution,—in which there are no two consecutive lectures on the same subject.

We see by the American papers that the person who some months ago advertised a volume of letters and other private memoranda of Lord Byron—the publication of which was stayed by the exposure made in our columns—has appeared in New York under the style and title of "Major George Gordon Byron:"—where he again announces his publication.

The Peace Congress intend to hold a meeting on Tuesday next at Exeter Hall,—to report, it is said, to the English public their recent doings in Paris. In these Morning Paper days, when everything said and done on the Continent is known from the Isle of Wight to the Isle of Skye in a few hours, the old machinery of embassies from city to city is hardly needed. The public already know well enough what was done in Paris;—and it is a tale not to be twice told. Lovers of peace and well-wishers to the Congress as we are, we should like to hear no more about the water-works at Versailles and the conditions on which they were set in motion. If members of the Congress are wise at the coming meeting, they will dwell less on what was said and done in Paris than on the things which were there left unsaid and left undone. Several illustrations, as our neighbours say, of the press of France are to be present at the meeting:—one of whom, we may remark without scandal, has been, since the Congress departed from Paris, preaching war with a trumpet tongue. Such men are not made for apostles.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—NOW EXHIBITING, the VALLEY of ROSELAUL, between Oberland, with the effects of a Storm in the Alps; and the INTERIOR of the CHURCH of SANTA CRUCE, at FLORENCE, with all the gradations of Light and Shade, from Noonday to Midnight.—N.B. The Grand Machine Organ, by Gray and Davison, will perform in both Pictures. Open from Ten till Five.

Open Daily from Eleven to Five, and every Evening, EXCEPT SATURDAY, from Seven till Half-past Ten.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.
ROME ILLUSTRATED in a Series of DISSOLVING VIEWS, with a Description, daily at half-past Four, and every evening at a quarter to Ten.—LECTURES on the CHEMISTRY of FOOD, by Mr. Ashley.—LECTURE with EXPERIMENTS, on the HYDRO-ELECTRIC MACHINE, by Dr. Bachofner.—EXHIBITION of the OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE.—DIVER AND DIVING BELL.—THE CHROMATROPE.—MODELS AND MACHINERY EXPLAINED.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

FRI. Botanical, 8.
SAT. Asiatic, 2.

FINE ARTS

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

An Artist's Rambles in the North of Scotland. By Michel Bouquet and M. Gavarni. Twenty-two subjects of landscapes, figures, and marine views, studied or sketched from nature,—which enable the Southron to form a vivid idea of Highland scenery. The pencil of a very able French artist has here recorded its features. That he has regarded these with a sensitive and judicious eye his success in the production of characteristic effects throughout a wide and varied choice of subjects abundantly testifies. He has displayed most elegance of feeling in the 'Scene on the Banks of the Dee,' the 'Waterfall on the Don,' and the 'Evening,—

on the Banks of the Dee.' 'Balmoral Castle' interests us chiefly from the fact of its being the royal residence. 'Highlanders' Huts' has all the truth of photographic representation. 'The Bullock of Buchan,' another view of the same with moonlight effect, 'The Pot of Buchan, near Peterhead,' and another view of the same looking seaward, are capital presentations of geological peculiarity. 'Waiting for a Roe Deer in the Highlands' contains some good drawing in the trees. The headlands with the 'Ruins of Dunrobert Castle, near Stonehaven,' and 'The Coast near Peterhead,' are wild and rugged scenes. We are reminded of the Liber Studiorum in 'Cattle on the Banks of the Don':—a very successful print. The 'Lighthouse off Peterhead' is of a like quality. In strong contrast are the 'Ruins of Kildrumny Castle,' with a snow-storm effect.—Of the three figure subjects by M. Gavarni, 'Putting the Stone' is the best. There is something too coquettish or Watteau-like in 'Girls washing Clothes' to suit the simplicity of the Highland maiden.

Ætna from Taormina. Painted by William Linton.

Drawn in Lithography by F. W. Hulme. This is a delicate yet effective transcript of one of Mr. Linton's most successful delineations of the classic scenery in which he so delights. It is from the picture painted for Richard Ellison, Esq.,—and well represents the painter's powers. All the natural circumstances of situation have been combined, and controlled by the poetic feeling of the artist, in an eminent degree.—The engraving cannot but be a most welcome addition to the portfolio of the collector.

Choice Examples of Art Workmanship, Medieval and Modern. Part I.

This is an age of artistic detail,—more especially of mediæval details; the hourly recurrence to which is destructive to our national freshness and originality. A work like the present has, however, its value; and such good examples as are here presented are certainly to be preferred to many of the modern designs which figure in publications particularly devoted to the mere artisan. A very pretty cup, though of no uncommon design, is that formerly belonging to Mr. Payne Knight,—preserved now in the British Museum. It is attributed to Cellini; who if he had been appointed like Briareus could never have accomplished a tithe of what is set down to him.—That Thorwaldsen's bas-relief of 'Autumn' would be well applied to the surface of a goblet we do not think, as there is not subject enough to preserve a continuity of interest when viewed from different sides of the vase.—The fantastic disposition of German Gothic is observable in 'Part of a carved Altar-piece,' carved by George Strylen for the Convent at Blaubereun. This last and 'The Nuremberg Vase' are derived from a work, 'Die Ornamentik des Mittelalters,' by Charles Heideloff. They display much fancy.

Curtis's Beauties of the Rose.

The beauties of the queen of flowers are not here particularly well set forth. The delicacy and richness of tints are not skilfully rendered,—though structurally the botanist will recognize the truth of the specimens presented. The rose demands for its representation the skill of a Van Huysum or a Ruysch.

Engravings published by the Art-Union of Glasgow. 'Whittington listening to the Sound of Bow Bells' painted by F. W. Newenham, engraved by J. A. Prior, and 'May Morning,' engraved by W. H. Simmons from a picture by Edward Corbould,—were two of the subjects issued by the Committee to the subscribers of the Glasgow Art-Union,—and with how much better success these things can be managed in Glasgow than falls within the philosophy of the parent institution in London these prints testify. Having on a former occasion observed on the happy manner in which Mr. Prior has executed Mr. Newenham's design,—we have now only to commend the judgment and taste which have adopted both for the instruction and gratification of the subscribers to this institution. Mr. Simmons,—whom we had recently occasion to speak of in high terms as the successful engraver of Mr. Frank Stone's fine companion pictures 'The Impending Mate' and 'Mate'—has been no less successful in his copy, in the mixed and popular style of the day, of Mr. Corbould's work.—As we are of those who think that

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because of the large sums which they contrive to command, Art-Unions may be powerful instruments for good or for evil in the cause of Art according to the soundness or the defects of their several schemes, will not leave the subject of the publications of this Scottish institution without noticing that its plans embrace a feature for which we have always contended as essential to the good constitution of such bodies. The pictures from which the prize-holders are to select are all chosen in the first instance by a competent committee:—so that a certain standard of excellence is secured, without the sacrifice (with only the wholesome limitation) of the principle of selection, on which so much stress has been laid as a necessary temptation to subscribers.—We wish all success to a society which proceeds thus earnestly and reasonably on its mission.

Portrait of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Drawn by G. Richmond. Engraved by Francis Holl. This is a very good resemblance of the Primate, drawn with feeling, perception of character, and sense of perspective truth which are rare in these degenerate days of portrait-painting.

Portrait of Lord Dalhousie. Drawn by G. Richmond. Engraved by Mr. Henry Robinson. This is another good portrait from the same hand.

The Wilkie Gallery. Parts XV. and XVI. These last two numbers contain some of the later works of the great painter,—and exhibit his art when it had departed from the pure and original feeling which had won for him his earlier reputation. Of the inequality of merit in the several engravings which this publication contains these two numbers afford additional evidence. While the 'Spanish Lady,' the 'Guerilla's Return,' and 'The Duke of Wellington writing his Despatches' are elaborated specimens of the product of the *burin*, and have preserved the style of their originals,—the character, individuality, and fervid expression which marked 'The Confessional' scene of the two monks at Toledo are wanting in this representation of it. Well do we remember the intensity of feeling in the two heads of the picture,—now in the possession of Lord Lansdowne.—'The Senorita and her Nurse' is obviously done from a sketch,—so is the 'Columbus at the Convent of La Rabida.' The conclusion arrived at from the whole of this series of prints is, a confirmation of our opinion as to the sacrifice which the artist made in leaving his earlier, more simple, and more self-relying views of Art for combinations of styles and qualities which are in opposition to each other.

Finden's Royal Gallery of British Art. Part XV. This, one of the most successful of the numbers of the work, owes that higher success to the fact of its containing two of the best efforts, in their distinct styles, of the British School. In Mr. Etty's *Combat*, where Mercy is seen interceding for the vanquished, we must give high praise to the skill with which the engraver, Mr. Doo, has executed his task. In days when the humbler walks of engraving are the most cultivated a work like this makes a marked appeal. They who are conversant with the works of the old or the modern foreign engravers will recognize the intelligence and skill with which the representation of flesh has here been effected. The science which has so nicely discriminated by the various combinations of lines the several tints of the three distinct figures demands especial remark. While the motives of such combinations are apparent, the mechanism of their appliance has been subdued—a quality which in the treatment of many a fine modern Italian print is desiderated in vain. The metallic and hard character which the Italian treatment of flesh conveys is the result of an arrangement too obvious and systematic: and though correctness and precision be attained, the result is unimpassioned and pedantic. The sense of the author is often mis-translated by the egotism which makes the engraver too eager to display himself. This print, we repeat, is a credit to our school.—Mr. William Miller in his version of *Danby's Sunset at Sea after a Storm* has entered capably into the sentiment of a picture which on its production made a great sensation amongst us. The sky is rendered with great beauty. It is visibly becoming tranquil,—while it is as clearly expressed that the waves will require hours to regain their composure. The engraver has shown consummate skill in his treatment.—Of a very delicate order is

Mr. W. Humphry's print of *The Coquette* after Sir Joshua Reynolds. The head is sweetly executed—the expression well preserved. Mr. Humphry has here succeeded best in what was most calculated for success with the art of the mezzotint engraver.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We are sorry to hear of a misfortune which has befallen one of the pictures the property of the nation in Trafalgar Square. This picture, the work of Mr. Hart, the Royal Academician, forms part of the Vernon Collection,—and was in course of being engraved for publication when the accident (if that be the proper name) occurred. It appears that—contrary to the directions under which engravers are permitted to work in this Gallery—the engraver in this instance, in making his copy, lightened his labour by pressing the threads of his reducing-frame against the picture intrusted to him; by which pressure the materials employed in the painting have become disintegrated—we are given to understand, beyond the chance of recovery. As we have said, this is a very serious matter,—and summons those whom it may concern to look to the risks run by the national pictures. We know well how difficult it must be for the conservator of the Gallery to keep a constant eye on all that is doing under his superintendence—and how impossible to be at once in all the places where the work of copying, by one process or another, is going on. Yet it is not easy to acquit Mr. Uwins of all blame in this matter, if—as we are informed by those who are more competent judges on the point than ourselves—the impression made by the threads is necessarily that of several days' application. An accident of that duration should not have escaped his notice—or we have no security for the preservation of the works officially under his care. Certain it is, at any rate, that this calamity calls on him to use all the future precautions within his power for rendering its repetition impossible:—and to this end, one measure will strike him as obvious and imperative in reference to a party of whose blame in the matter there can be no doubt. We know not the name of the engraver who has thus abused the privilege conceded to him: but it is clear that he must not again be admitted, on any pretence, to practise his art within the walls of the National Gallery—nor elsewhere to any dealing with the Art-property of the nation.

The Committee intrusted with the management of the Rutland Testimonial have selected Mr. Edward Davis to model and cast in bronze a full-length statue of the Duke—to be erected when finished in the market-place of Leicester. The competing models have been for some days on view in the County Hall in that city.

A bequest has, we are informed on what we deem good authority, just been made to the National Gallery which will enable the Trustees to make valuable additions to its contents. A son of Lewis the celebrated actor of a past age, who has just died in Paris, has, by his will bequeathed to the Gallery the sum of 10,000*l.* on condition that the Trustees shall hang up within its walls for public exhibition the whole-length portrait of his father painted from nature by the present President of the Royal Academy, Sir Martin Archer Shee.—The rent offered for house-room is, certainly, a good one:—and the Trustees will, we dare say, be very willing to hang up other portraits on the same terms. If there be any objection on the score of want of space, a few such sums would go far to enable them to add to their present accommodations a special Gallery of Donors,—and to get in addition the further room they want for other purposes.

Most persons are aware at least of the existence of the Anastatic printing process; by which engravings, printed pages, &c. are transferred to zinc or stone,—and thus fac-similes are very readily produced. The process consists essentially of the application of certain bodies which possess the property of softening the ink upon the paper; after which it is "set off" upon the stone or zinc.—Our attention has been directed to a process by which analogous results are obtained by means which are curiously opposed to those employed in the Anastatic process. We are informed by the inventor, Mr. Pettitt, of Birmingham, that he prepares the paper on which is the engraving that he desires to copy with some material which

actually hardens the printing-ink—but which at the same time prevents any of the white parts of the paper from receiving ink. The print being in this state, is subjected to an inking process by which every line of the engraving, lithograph, or wood-cut receives a fresh layer of ink,—and from which a faithful copy may now be obtained. We are told that as many as fifty impressions have been taken from one print without injuring the original.—If thoroughly successful this invention of Mr. Pettitt appears to promise many advantages. The inventor, who is engaged in the decoration of papier maché materials, proposes to employ his discovery for producing on glass copies of fine works of Art, which he afterwards paints and ornaments in a way peculiarly his own. We have seen some of these works:—the effect is very singular, and not unpleasing. Considered as the first efforts in a new line of decorative art, they are of considerable promise: and we think that if Mr. Pettitt would direct his attention to perfecting his process so as to enable him to copy with fidelity first-class line engravings,—he might obtain the power of introducing specimens far less objectionable in point of taste than the unnaturally coloured paintings which now decorate the papier maché manufactures of our country.

Respecting the portrait of Butler, the author of 'Hudibras,' referred to *ante*, p. 1043, a correspondent thus writes to us:—

Shirenewton, Chepstow.
You assume that Miss Roushott's picture is the only authentic portrait of Butler—but you give no reason why you come to that conclusion. You refer to the subject that you may correct an error "which has had a long currency"—inasmuch as this portrait is generally attributed to Sir Peter Lely—who certainly had no hand in it: and you then show that Miss Roushott's portrait was painted by Gerard Zoot. Now, I submit for consideration that a tradition of "long currency" leads naturally to the conclusion that Lely did paint a portrait of Butler, though not the portrait to which you refer:—and the following facts tend to confirm this tradition. In the summer of 1834 there was sold, among the effects of the late Duke of Marlborough at Whiteknights, a very fine portrait of Butler, author of *Hudibras*,—said in the Duke's private catalogue of his pictures to have been painted "By Sir Peter Lely." This picture is now hanging opposite to me,—and is certainly one of Sir Peter's best. There is no wig; but beautiful flowing hair, not very long. This leads me to infer that it was painted before the Restoration: which agrees with the apparent age of Butler,—which I take to have been about '37 or '38. Artists and good amateurs—amongst them I may mention our late excellent Bishop—have seen this picture, and all have expressed their admiration of it. From these circumstances I think the portrait genuine, and by Lely,—and that Miss Roushott's was painted at a later period. J.

We are informed, on the subject of the tessellated pavements lately discovered at Cirencester, that another very fine head has just been exposed to view in the room last opened, corresponding with those of Ceres and Flora previously found. This is the *fifth* circle as yet wholly uncovered:—two others are partially so. Thus, only two will be lost out of the nine which originally formed this splendid room:—pronounced, we are told by competent judges, to be the finest in point of Art yet found in this country.

Since the issue of the new coin termed a *florin*, there has been much public and private gossip respecting its name,—and withal, a general tendency to suppose that the said name has been copied from the German. It is true that the fine arts of this country, or their professors, have within these few years borrowed largely from the old Teutonic stock;—but so far as the *florin* is concerned we are, like our neighbours on the Continent, copyists of a name which was current in Europe when Germany was in comparative infancy with respect to political influence,—and more especially with respect to that influence which is gained by the arts of commerce and the proper comprehension of finance. When the trade of Europe was in the hands of the enterprising citizens of the Republic of Italy, those coins which bore a flower on the reverse were generally called *floreni*—and were of silver. In the middle of the thirteenth century the Florentines struck a gold coinage bearing the same name,—with the image of St. John the Baptist on the one side and a *fleur-de-lis* on the other. In later times the arms of the chief magistrate of the city were added, on a small escutcheon:—so that numismatists who are conversant with Italian heraldry are enabled to date the various examples with ease. This gold coin of Florence had a currency throughout Europe and

the East; and when the sovereigns of England or France "bought gold," which they often did, they purchased Florins. For the purpose only of gilding metal, Florins were bought of the Italian merchants who trafficked in England before the close of the century in which the gold florin was first issued. In order to gild the effigy of Eleanor of Castile, in the Confessor's Chapel at Westminster, three hundred and fifty gold florins were purchased by her executors from Italian traders in England. At that period the gold florin was worth four marks—or 55s. 4d. The venders were merchants of Lucca. The general currency obtained by the coin of Florence led various sovereigns and princes of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries to strike money bearing the same name—but not always gold. Thus, some of the Popes, the Dauphins of Vienne, the Palatines of the Rhine, and the Archbishops of Mayence issued Florins,—examples of which are not uncommon in the cabinets of antiquaries. After all, what is there in the name to provoke the severe remarks on it which we have read from time to time? If we have copied, we have copied from the same source as the Germans—but certainly not from them.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MR. HENRY NICHOLLS'S DRAMATIC READINGS OF SHAKESPEARE every MONDAY EVENING, at BLAGOYE'S Rooms.—Monday next, Oct. 29, Merchant of Venice; Nov. 5, As You Like It. To be followed by Romeo and Juliet, Henry VIII., Much Ado About Nothing, Coriolanus, &c. &c.—Admission, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s. Commence at Eight.

For Communications respecting Private Readings and Elocutionary Exercises to be addressed, 16, Howard-street, Strand.

FREDERIC CHOPIN.

"THE times we live in make old men of us before our time" in nothing more than in Music. A few losses more, and no distinguished persons will be left to lament,—so rapidly are the last of the inventors disappearing.

We learn from foreign sources that Frederic Chopin was born in the year 1810, at Zelazowawola, near Warsaw. His master in composition was Herr Elsner, belonging to the *Conservatoire* of that city; and his principal, if not sole instructor on the pianoforte, was an old Polish professor, by name Zywni:—such education probably tending to foster that unmistakable and peculiar nationality which is the lifebreath of every note of his music. Nor was this subsequently worn away by a large and promiscuous intercourse with the audiences and artists of many countries. We are told that having been early compelled to leave Poland, owing to political convulsions, Chopin played in public at Vienna and Munich in 1831. About the close of the same year he arrived in Paris; and once being established there, he arranged for himself that select career of retired life, occasional tuition, picturesque composition, and sparing appearance before a restricted audience which suited the delicacy alike of his genius and of his physical organization. In the French metropolis he continued to exercise his art till the Revolution of 1848 drove so many of the musicians "from their moorings."

It is not only the epithet of delicate which must be applied to Chopin's musical genius. In former pages [*Athen.* Nos. 740, 1079, and 1081.] we have endeavoured to point out how it was as original as delicate. Though in compositions of large proportion, such as the Concerto and the Sonata, he is apt to become vague and vaporous—though the tone of his writings is often melancholy—there is no sickness in his first ideas; which are distinct, peculiar, always expressive, always elegant, and occasionally grandiose and solemn. In his Scherzi, Ballades, Polonoises, Preludes, &c. &c., the individual character of each rarely fails to be admirably maintained; due variety being afforded by the introduction of happy episodic touches, and the alternation of passages deliciously written for the instrument with hardly—not to say harsh—discords and sequences. Then, Chopin's Studies have an interest far surpassing that of mere finger-music; though, if merely viewed in that light, they are inestimable for practice. Lastly, upon an arbitrary national dance-rhythm—that of the Mazurka—he managed to construct a range of compositions which will long remain to be the delight of all who love what is piquant, freakish, and expressive,—and as long be the despair of imitators. There is

no sitting down to compose by receipt after Chopin's manner. It belonged to his country, to himself, to his health,—and in part, too, to the social influences which he loved to gather round him.

On Chopin's pianoforte playing, exquisite and unparagoned after its kind as it was, no school could be founded. Such delicacy without feebleness—such caprice devoid of perverse eccentricity—such expression unspoilt by morbid languor—such passing fantasies and humours—as animated and varied his performance, are incommunicable. Some familiarity with them, however, is essential to a perfect comprehension and relish of his music: and though the form and fashion of his manner may be in part divined from a study of his writings, it will not be easily reproduced, nor ever adequately described.

But Chopin's compositions and performance by no means formed the sum and substance of his attractions to his friends and of his claims upon society.—He was an accomplished gentleman, who had observed, read and thought for himself; and though in intercourse with him there might be detected certain morbid veins of opinion and expression contracted by long residence amid the fevers of Paris, and encouraged by his physical delicacy,—we have conversed with few men more pleasantly companionable than he. With great elegance of mind, refinement of taste, and nobility of feeling was combined a quiet, quaint, child-like humour, the play of which was as spontaneous as it was original. One of more tender and affectionate nature we have never known.

The event of his death, early as it has happened, can take no one by surprise. For the last twelve years or more, so serious and steadily increasing has been Chopin's malady—a complicated pulmonary and asthmatic affection—that the continuance of his life and of any powers to enjoy and to give pleasure was the wonder—not their extinction. A man possessing less genius than himself must have yielded long ago. Only they who recollect how the prematurely aged and anxious and wasted countenance, "with a look of the grave upon it," seemed to revive and freshen under the influences of genial companionship or the inspiration of his art, can feel a sort of wistful regret that the spell did not longer hold out.—Possibly, however, Chopin's decease may have been accelerated by the rude transactions and changes of last year and their sequel. The French Revolution, as we have said, drove him to England. After our exhausting London season, he was unwisely tempted to make a tour in Scotland too late in the autumn. He returned to London desperately ill and broken down—"pierced," he said, "by the harsh climate;" yet in this state he was got out of his bed, at the instance of ill-judged solicitation, to perform at the Polish Concert in Guildhall in November last. At such a miscellaneous gathering the name of so select an artist was hardly an attraction: and the gossip of the indifferent guests drowned his beautiful playing at his last public performance.—Shortly after his return to France, it became obvious that his departure was merely a question of days, weeks, or months. He died on the 17th of this month, after an agony of ten hours,—during which he consoled and took leave of the friends who watched beside him, with an affectionate and touching calmness.—His funeral obsequies were to be celebrated in the Church of *La Madeleine*:—where the 'Requiem' of Mozart was to be performed in accordance with his own earnest desire.

PRINCESS'S.—Since Miss Kemble's departure a more successful musical appearance has not been made on the English stage than that of Miss L. Pyne. Her voice proves entirely sufficient for a moderately sized theatre.—It is pleasing in quality, capable of various expression, extensive in compass, and well under command. Miss Pyne's execution, too, in the music of 'La Sonnambula' is voluble and firm, her *sostenuto* in the pathetic passages is thoroughly well in tune,—capable of every gradation of strength or softness. Her singing of the *largo* 'Ah non credea' and the following *cabaletta* (now a task of great difficulty, so numerous are the first-class versions of this favourite scene in the public ear) was most praiseworthy:—pathetic without languor and brilliant without effort or exaggeration. If her recitative and dialogue-music was less

satisfactory than the above *grand aria*, the fault may possibly lie in the burlesque wretchedness of the English translation,—which makes it almost incumbent on the singer to suppress rather than utter the words, lest she should raise a laugh where no merriment was meant. Miss Pyne's acting is intelligent, quiet and promising:—in short, were any English theatre analogous to the *Opéra Comique* of Paris open to receive her, there is little doubt of her speedily ripening into an admirable artist. As it is, she must needs struggle upward under heavy disadvantages: being compelled to sing with a chorus rudely coarse, and an orchestra discreditably incorrect and out of tune,—not to speak of certain of the play-fellows who are so dolefully bad as to strain her own composure and the charity of her audience to their uttermost. She will do well to watch herself most rigorously in order that she may contract no careless habits disqualifying her from profiting by better days should they ever arrive. Her success, which was unquestioned in *Zerlina*, has been confirmed by her *Amina*:—and must, we think, with only commonly good chances, still increase.

SURREY.—A legitimate play—not in five acts, but in three—was produced on Monday, under the title of 'Trevanion, or the False Position.' It is from the joint pens of Mr. Westland Marston and Mr. Bayle Bernard; and was an entirely successful attempt to take this class of drama out of the hands of the mere playwright—and elevate it by means of poetic treatment. The story is one of great delicacy and beauty,—spiritual in motive and highly poetic in tone and sentiment. *Trevanion* (Mr. Creswick) is quite an original character on the stage. He is a man of fortune, and a philanthropist—full of noble impulses:—who comes into contact with *Margaret Langford* (Madame Ponis) the daughter of a ship's carpenter. Margaret had been adopted at the age of fourteen by a lady of title as her travelling companion; and, on the death of her first benefactor abroad, has received the patronage of another lady, *Mrs. Lorimer* (Mrs. Henry Vining), a friend of *Trevanion's*. Ignorant of her parentage, but believing from report that she is of gentle birth, this enthusiastic gentleman woos and weds the interesting dependent. Margaret, from passionate love—as she had when the report arose from ill-considered shame—conceals her origin from her lover—and weds him under this false pretence. Then come remorse—and the fear of discovery. The shadow which sits upon her happiness, and darkens her husband's by its reflection, she at length reveals to the pleading of her friend, *Mrs. Lorimer*. By her she is counselled to instant confession—that the secret may reach *Trevanion* through no other voice than her own. It is too late. While on the point of making the disclosure, her husband is called forth on business; and her low-born father—who had hurried up to town to clasp his long absent child on her return and her marriage—suddenly enters her chamber. In the perplexity of the situation—dreading that the discovery should take this form, and shut her out from mercy—she implores him to retire: and the old man, stung by her demeanour and request—which he attributes to her shame, in her new fortunes, of his low estate and rustic manners—curses his distracted child at the moment when *Trevanion* re-enters. The situation is full of effect. *Trevanion* at once learns the deception practised upon himself and witnesses his wife's supposed repudiation of her father. The filial ingratitude seems to him worse than the deception:—the two slay the faith on which his high and earnest love was founded. In her despair, Margaret abandons the house of her husband, and flies for refuge to her parents. A fine scene is that in which her father in his turn rejects his undutiful child; while the mother, with a truer instinct, interprets the sincerity of her child amid her sorrow,—clings to the outcast in the face of her husband's anger—and wins him back, through a sudden appeal to the old home usages of his affections, to the right reading of his daughter's heart. Meanwhile, certain philanthropic schemes in which *Trevanion* had embarked, have failed—and not only embarrassed his affairs, but led to the impeachment of his honour. The neighbourhood of old Langford's house is in confusion with an insurrection of the mining population,—who are suffering from *Trevanion's* failure. *Trevanion*,

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who has come down to face the storm—ignorant of his wife's place of concealment, and touched by the loss of honour more than by all that he had already lost—is compelled to seek safety abroad from the man and the vengeance that pursue him. Then, the cunning wife steals back into his presence, and, attending passionately for that share in his suffering and exile which she had voluntarily abandoned in her prosperity. The scene is wrought up to intense passion. Amid his anguish and relenting, there is yet no road back to Trevaun's inner heart but by the path of honour:—and Margaret turns away beggared as a wife. She has no portion even in her husband's sorrow. But as she passes out to abandon him for ever, comes in the rescuer in the form that Trevaun's high nature needed. Mrs. Lorimer enters, and forbids the parting in the language of command. Margaret had, we before knew, been offered a considerable sum as a marriage portion by Mrs. Lorimer, which she had rejected from feelings of independence. That sum, it now seems, she had this day claimed; and the lady had gladly handed it over under the belief that it was for the support of the forsaken wife's solitude. But she has just learnt that the wife had, before she entered into her husband's presence with her last, and now rejected, appeal, secretly relieved the distress that his broken fortunes had entailed on others,—and redeemed his name. That act is the redemption of his love:—and this concluding scene is wrought up to the same high point of pathos as some others that we have described.

The dialogue of this drama is full of fine poetry. In dramatic expression Mr. Marston is superior to any writer of the day. Madame Ponisi, who had much of this to deliver, felt and rendered it so as to give her a place—in this line of character at least—next to the very best actresses on the stage. She made the audience feel all the pathos that was in the part. Mr. Creswick played the hero—and he too was most effective when the subdued suffering of the situations had to be expressed. All the beauty of the text came home in his delivery. Mr. Emery played the father as Fawcett would have played it—wanting in some of the manly vigour that would have qualified the tenderness of his resentment at the ingratitude of his child—but showing a fine intelligence of the part, and true to nature in its rendering.

The comic elements of the piece are Mr. Bernard's:—and they were both individually effective and a relief to the suffering of the rest. They constitute an underplot, in which Miss Laporte enacted the part of a *Miss Harnet*, whose character is expressed by her name, and who in conjunction with *Fox* (Mr. Widdicombe), a village oracle and editor of a local paper, contrives by malicious articles in its columns to inflame the resentment of the workmen against Trevaun. Both these are farce-parts:—and, their exaggeration admitted, highly amusing. They contain many good hits—and were cleverly rendered in the spirit of their own exaggeration by their several representatives.

SHAKESPEARE'S WELLS.—After long preparation, the revival of Shakespeare's tragedy of 'Antony and Cleopatra' took place on Monday. It is produced on a scale of expense and effect exceeding all the former efforts of this theatre. The representation of a drama so seldom performed was of itself a subject of curiosity. Written in the maturity of the poet's genius, confessedly aiming at the "high Roman fashion" in tone and sentiment, dealing with an historical argument and following it over a vast variety of place and incident, the interest of this magnificent play is decidedly of an epic character. It requires an audience specially educated to appreciate its sublimity and beauty. As a drama of heroic portraits, it is equalled only by the 'Troilus and Cressida' of the same mighty master. Plutarch supplied the conceptions which Shakespeare has elevated to idealism. Herein lies the difficulty of their impersonation:—no performers, whatever their merit, can perfectly embody them. The utmost that could be accomplished even by the Kembles and a Siddons was an approximation. Grand as they are in the closet, scenes and characters like these are always more or less unsatisfactory on the stage.—It is greatly to the credit of this management that it has done so much towards surmounting the difficulties that opposed the adequate representation of this great

poem. Whatever could be effected by attention to the *mise en scène*, picturesque grouping of the persons, and artistic arrangement of the pictorial adjuncts, has been here secured.

The making-up of the characters was excellent. Mr. Phelps was transmuted into *Mark Antony* in a remarkable manner. He played with animation; and in the more vigorous passages his declamation was highly effective. Nor was he unsuccessful in exhibiting the infatuation which caused Antony to "lose the world and think the world well lost" for an Egyptian queen. His devotion, madness, rage, jealousy, vindictiveness, and repentance were, by turns, skilfully delineated. His bacchanal gaiety on board Pompey's galley was conceived and executed with pictorial effect. The entire arrangement of this scene was a telling point in the performance.—In portraying the enchantress *Cleopatra*, Miss Glyn had occasion to draw upon the entire resources of her art. The variety and fascination of the character she touched to admiration. The caprice, the grace, the pride of the character were exhibited with a power which exceeded expectation. It was evident that she had made a profound and industrious study of the part. The whole portrait was thrown out with decision and force, and richly coloured. Those parts in which dignity and anger were expressed—such as the interview with the messenger after Antony's second marriage—were given with a vehemence and power corresponding to the language which she had to deliver. But it was in the fifth act, when preparing for her death, that the better phases of the character and the more refined parts of the action tested the fitness of the actress for this assumption. Indignant majesty, compulsory resignation, heroic resolve, and tender memory were all adequately pronounced. The death itself was a triumph. With the asp at her bosom, the countenance of *Cleopatra* became irradiated with a sudden gladness; and she passed as it were exultingly into the land of shadows where she was to meet "the curled Antony."—At the close of the play, Mr. Phelps and Miss Glyn appeared together before the curtain to receive the acclamations of the audience.

HAYMARKET.—On Wednesday, Mr. Macready appeared at this theatre in the character of *Lear*.

On Thursday, Mr. and Mrs. Keeley were suited with a pair of characters in a new farce by Mr. Shirley Brooks, called 'The Guardian Angel.' The interest lies between a servant maid and a lawyer's clerk. The former is skilled in divination, and learns from her cards that she is to marry the latter,—whose fortunes she accordingly pursues through all their changes. These are, indeed, many; and it is surprising how such an amount of story has been compressed into a one-act farce. As plodding clerk, roud, and man of fortune,—the destined victim still finds the diviner his domestic: in which office she contrives so to suppress and manage his correspondence as to prevent his intrigues with the ladies. In the course of her manoeuvres, she has the ill-luck to embroil him with many influential friends most seriously:—but "as she holds the cards," she also contrives to get him out of the scrape. He is so delighted with her adroitness, that he marries her.—The incidents of this little drama were confused, from over-compression. But the dialogue lost none of its smartness and vivacity in the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley—and the piece met with the general approbation of the audience.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Since our last publication the second season of the *Wednesday Concerts* has commenced, with certain appearances of improvement upon the last year's proceedings. The appointment of a conductor looks well; and though we have small cause to esteem Herr Anschütz—remembering the German opera performances over which he presided—nevertheless, unless he prove merely "a baton of straw," his engagement—the engagement of any conductor—must lead to something more of rehearsal and consequently of finish than was attained during the first season. We are glad, also, to note the seeming abandonment of the system of trashy English translation in the case of foreign opera music,—and to observe in the first programme a mitigation of the ballad fever. The general prospectus laid before the

public is liberal. The singers announced as engaged are,—Mrs. Newton, Misses Rainforth, Dolby, Latcombe, A. and M. Williams, Poole, with other ladies,—Messrs. Lockey, Land, Binge, and Frodham (the last a tenor), also Signor Bartolini and the two Signori Ronconi. Herr Fornés—who is said to be "exclusively engaged for these concerts"—is retained to do the principal bass work. Mr. Braham, we are sorry to perceive, will appear at eight more "farewell concerts";—wherefore not, let us add, at eight "very last ones" after these? It is grievous to see a veteran so resolute to cast away the protection of grateful sympathy. We have been requested to re-state the matter as concerns Mr. Sims Reeves,—whose appearance at Exeter Hall, according to Mr. Stammers's programme, depends "on the delicate state of his health." As we believe that Mr. Sims Reeves is singing "in good condition" in provincial opera, we can but hope that the indisposition to mourn 'My pretty Jane,' or to bawl 'The Death of Nelson' may be the delicacy adverted to,—and also that it is a malady past cure. In its continuance all his real well-wishers are warmly interested.—The solo players actually engaged are announced to be, M. Thalberg, Messrs. W. S. Bennett and Palmer, Misses Woolf, Day, and Ward, the Distina, the Messrs. Collins, Jarrett, Ribas, Richardson, Sainton, Piatti, &c. Mr. Stammers announces, too, that he is in treaty with Madame Pleyel, with Herr Ernst and with M. Vivier.—Our contemporaries are unanimous in commending as the feature of Wednesday's Concert Mrs. A. Newton's certain and brilliant execution of the *Queen of Night's braura* from 'Die Zauberflöte.'

These are early days for talking of next year's operas; but a rumour is in the town that Mr. Balfe will not resume his conductorship at *Her Majesty's Theatre*—and that he will possibly be replaced by either M. Thalberg or Signor Schira. Meanwhile, not content with having to unwind one "tangled pin," which owing to mismanagement, rivalry, and the lack of a composer, the governance of *Her Majesty's Theatre* has become,—Mr. Lumley is in eager negotiation (so the French papers assure us), to get hold of another; viz. the direction of the Italian Opera in Paris,—which is at present to re-open under the auspices of Signor Ronconi. One of the corps selected for this winter's campaign is *Mlle. Vera*.

We perceive that an organ has just been placed in the Shire Hall, Gloucester. Presuming the instrument to be of fair quality and provided with a competent player, it ought to prove an acquisition of interest to the old cathedral city. While speaking of organ-playing, with a constant view to its revival, we may notice Mr. E. Chipp's *Fantasia and Variations* on 'God preserve the Emperor,' performed by him at the Birmingham Festival, and now laid before us in a published form. In this work the author's desire for mechanical display will be found more remarkable than his knowledge of composition. A monotonous effect is produced by the avoidance of modulation:—a fault which might have been in part provided against by his casting the last movement in the form of a fugue. As matters stand, we draw from these Variations little more than the assurance that Mr. E. Chipp's execution is very great,—particularly in that most difficult department of an organist's toils and pleasures, the pedal-board.

The Parisian journals are loud in praise of M. Bataille, of their *Opéra Comique*, for the excellent manner in which he personates a difficult part in M. Halévy's new fairy opera. Judging from personal remembrance of this young artist's acting and singing in 'Le Val d'Andorre,' we are disposed to give full credit to the commendation.—M. Couderc's return to the same theatre is rumoured as among the events which may possibly happen ere long.

Let us note the name of a Spanish opera, 'El Diabolo Predicador,' recently written for the theatre at Barcelona by a certain Italian maestro Bassilo:—not because the work has succeeded, but in consideration of the rarity of any attempt to compose for Spain. The position of the Spaniard himself in music has always seemed to us no less anomalous than provoking. What manner of organization for Art may be found on the other side of the Pyrenees is illustrated by the Garcia family. Yet with their names the list of modern Spanish musical geniuses seems to stop.—By the way, it is understood that M. Garcia pro-

duced a mass of compositions,—hasty and incomplete, it may be, but original in idea. Some of the admirable Spanish melodies sung by his daughters own this parentage. Are there no works by him of larger proportion and greater extent which could be arranged for public use?—We have small news of any consequence concerning the foreign theatres. A friend the other evening heard at Munich the 'Benvenuto Cellini' of Lachner (we presume a re-setting of the libretto already set by M. Berlioz):—"an opera," writes our authority, "admirably adapted to this place, where people's minds run so much on casting statues. You are aware that the whole interest of the story—if interest there be—is made to turn upon the casting of the *Perseus*. Whatever may be said of the other departments of the performance, we had this business done to perfection—with a picturesque view of Stiglmayr's foundry! The Carnival at Rome, too, in the second act, was got up very well—with some artistic skill, and at all events truth." This is all pleasant enough; but with regard to the music and the singers our correspondent says—nothing.—A baritone with a colossal voice—Signor Mazzeotti—is figuring among the Italian company at Berlin.

They order things oddly, whether for praise or for blame, on the other side of the Atlantic. The following "accidents," according to the *Gazette Musicale*, have befallen an artist in Mexico. "His entry," says the journal, "into that town has been a real triumph. Twenty carriages drawn by two horses, five by four, had been sent by the principal families. A state carriage was placed at his disposal. Thirty artists on horseback surrounded it. Eight dragons served as escort,—without counting the President's aide-de-camp. The entire city was at the windows; and a military band was stationed in the court of the hotel, where a magnificent dinner awaited the guest." The guest was—M. Henri Herz, the pianist!

Somewhere about every quarter-day (so, at least, it appears to those who cannot pretend to follow theatrical quarrels step by step) our French contemporaries record some new trouble given or offence taken by Mlle. Rachel; who thereupon "gives warning" to her theatre,—after the fashion of a spoiled lady's maid aware of her own consequence, rather than those of an *artiste* cherishing any grateful or generous feeling towards the establishment in which she won her power to be capricious and exacting. It is said that she is now once again really going:—being tempted, whispers Rumour (but this is a stage "aside"), by the Uralian god of the Czar—and possibly by the prospect of Muscovite colonelcies for the *Horaces* and *Bajazets* of her family! The reason assigned by herself, however, is of more sentimental quality,—want of concord in the theatre. To this the committee of actors who are now managing the *Théâtre Français* simply reply, that Mlle. Rachel has been long placed above the reach of all possible disturbance, question or command,—seeing that, so far from receiving orders or being the victim of conflicting interests, she herself fixes the days of her performance, herself chooses her own parts, and herself regulates her own privileges of free admissions, boxes, &c. Somewhat despotic this for a lady so very fond of *La Marseillaise*! Then, the old complaint is repeated, that—whereas in Paris Mlle. Rachel's health is always delicate, subjecting her service to interruption, &c., when the Lady is abroad on one of her money-making expeditions she has the will and the power to be always well, and always prepared for duties in double measure. There seems to us in all this something mercenary, indirect, and unamiable,—totally unbefitting the high pretensions of France's most distinguished tragic artist. But she knows, we apprehend, the worth of a *Phédre* or of a *Camille* too well to bate one *sous* worth of her troublesomeness. Verily, the pinchbeck Kings and the tinsel Queens are the only absolute sovereigns left on our earth!

MISCELLANEA

Important Discovery in Navigation.—The *Detroit Commercial Bulletin* says:—Mr. A. A. Wilder, of this city, has perfected one of the most simple instruments imaginable, for the purpose of determining

the lee-way which a vessel may be making at all times while on her voyage, and by which the latitude of a ship can always be determined without the usual observations, and with no other trouble than simply referring to the log for a correct run, and where the workings of the "indicator" are regularly recorded. Indeed, so perfect and useful is this invention that with it any precise point may be made after taking the usual bearings, notwithstanding the vessel may be making the greatest rate of lee-way, as her course can be altered to meet the variations marked out by the indicator to the wheelman. The contrivance is as simple as the invention is important, and as sure to record its lee-way as the compass is to indicate the vessel's bearing. It consists of a tube four inches in diameter, running down from the binnacle of a vessel to the keel, through which passes a rod, and to which is attached immediately under the keel, a vane, about eight inches deep and two feet long. This being in dense water is sure to be operated upon by any lee-way the vessel may make, which is indicated by the needle at the top of the rod, which is placed upon a plate on which the degrees are marked, situated between the two compasses in the binnacle. The instrument has been shown to nautical gentlemen of this city, and to officers of the navy; and all seem unanimously to concur in opinion that, next to the compass itself, the invention of Mr. Wilder is the most useful instrument in the art of navigation.

Casting of Specula.—Professor Potter claims the right to reply as follows to Dr. Robinson's letter which appeared in our columns last week [*ante*, p. 1063].—

I perceive that the Rev. Dr. Robinson, of Armagh, still persists in claiming for his friend Lord Rosse the credit of discoveries which were previously published by me.—That the process of chilling metal in casting specula and the method of preparing a superior polishing powder are important improvements in their art, will not be denied by present and future makers of reflecting telescopes. They were published in my paper in 'Brewster's Edinburgh Journal of Science' for 1831; and I challenge Dr. Robinson to show where they were previously published and where practised,—since he says my paper "contains nothing of any value which was not previously known." The plea "not new" is the one frequently resorted to in similar cases,—and always requires to be substantiated.—In the mean time I need not notice the other controvertible points in Dr. Robinson's paper.

Oct. 22.

I am, &c.

RICH. POTTER, A.M.

A Cheap Filter for Water.—A very simple method exists by which any poor family may filter all the water required: viz.—by using a large pan or tub as the tank, and filtering the water (by ascension) through a sponge stuffed into the hole in the bottom of flower pots: using two pots,—the lower one being half filled with charcoal and loosely covered with thin flannel,—the upper one placed in it so as to sink the flannel with it, and then secured by a string. Nothing can be more simple or more easily cleansed.—*Builder.*

Erguous Theory of Cholera.—The report of the Microscopical Society given in your last number has recalled to my mind some facts which, viewed in connexion with the recent microscopical investigations in this city, appear to be worthy of record. Here—as no doubt in many other places—there is a considerable quantity of low-priced inferior bread made; which, from the quantity of yeast used in order to produce as large a loaf as possible, as well as from the coarser nature of the flour, is more apt to turn mouldy than well-made bread of finer quality. It is not an uncommon case that this bread, after lying on hand a few days, is sold to men who hawk it about at a very reduced price among the poorer classes. I know of one instance where a shopkeeper had from 100 to 150 lb. weight of such bread; which, after costing no little trouble to remove the mouldiness from its surface, was sold in the manner I have described. His shop is in the immediate neighbourhood of those places where the cholera was of the most virulent description;—and where Drs. Brittan and Budd and Mr. Swaney obtained the greater part of their specimens. The date coincided nearly with the appearance of the cholera in those localities:—but as I did not then attach that importance to the fact which it appears to have deserved, I am not now able to ascertain the precise time of its occurrence.—I am, &c.

Bristol, October 24.

G. W. R.

The Iron Hand of Götz von Berlichingen.—Our readers doubtless remember Sir Walter Scott's translation of Goethe's celebrated tragedy called 'Götz von Berlichingen with the Iron Hand.' The existence of the hand itself has almost been forgotten by the world unless when travellers passing through Wurtemberg accidentally hear that it is still preserved as an heir-loom in the noble family of Berlichingen at Heilbronn, near Stuttgart. Here it was guarded by the sister of the modern German philosopher, the great Hegel, as his disciples named him. Hegel has been

dead many years; but his sister has only recently departed from this world. She lived at Heilbronn as governess in the family of Count von Berlichingen, and was an aged spinster when the writer of this saw her, excessively thin and pale; her eyes had once been full of lustre and vivacity, and her gentleness of character beamed in them to the last. Her temper, indeed, could not have been better put to the proof nor more severely tried than by having to keep in her safe custody the far-famed hand of the old Götz von Berlichingen,—which she was continually requested to bring and show to the inhabitants or to strangers, sometimes in one house, sometimes in another. Her kindness and condescension in performing this self-imposed task were felt by every one. The poor old lady, at length, however, grew imbecile, and became haunted by the fixed idea that she was a parcel, ready for sending off by the mail-coach:—and this thought of being packed up and sent away, threw her into dreadful distress of mind. Whenever at last a stranger approached her, she trembled from head to foot; for she imagined he had come to bind her with twine, seal her, and carry her off to the booking-office. This idea increased and brought on the deepest melancholy; and at length becoming intolerable, she found release from it by a voluntary death in the waves of the Nagold.—*Daily News.*

The Chapter House of Westminster Abbey.—I see it stated in your 'Fine-Art Gossip' that Sir Christopher Wren took down the old roof of the Chapter House Record Office; but the fact is, he had been dead about twenty years when it was taken down and another substituted,—being effected on the memorial of three Prebends of Westminster, the representation of the head of the Office, and after two surveys of the Board of Works, who strongly reported on its necessity.—The tessellated pavement alluded to by you, and the Scriptural drawings on the wall found a few years since, were both discovered and reported on by me a short time since.—I seldom notice statements about me, yet sometimes do so; and the above is quite at your service should you think it worthy of insertion in your journal. I remain, &c. FRED. DAVES.

Poets' Corner, Oct. 23.

Toronto and Lake Huron Railroad.—The following appears in a late number of the *Oswego Times*:—"The proposed railroad to connect Lake Ontario with Lake Huron is one of the most important and most feasible projects of the day. It will form a connecting link with the Oswego road in the great line of communication between the East and the far West. A view of the map of the lake regions is essential to a right understanding of the advantages of the contemplated route of the road. The map, in conjunction with engineering statistics, will show that the long winding route of 400 miles by Lake Erie will be reduced to less than 80 miles of railroad, across the level and fertile country which divides the waters of Lakes Ontario and Huron, to all travel and trade west of Detroit to grow up from the vast regions for ever tributary to the Straits of Mackinaw and the Sault St. Marie. The country lying between the Lakes, commonly called the peninsula of Upper Canada, is one of the most remarkable and interesting geographical formations on this continent. The soil is of the most fertile and productive kind, equal in all respects to the Valley of the Genesee. As a wheat-growing country it is unsurpassed; and of the quality of its production and of its resemblance to the Genesee wheat our citizens can judge from samples in our market. Such a tract of country being nearly surrounded by the navigable waters of the Lakes, must soon become not only highly agricultural but one of the most commercial regions in the world. It is clearly destined at no distant day to be interlaced with railroads and telegraphic wires."

Cheapening Duellings for the Poor.—It is supposed that one-fourth of the cost of a dwelling which lets for half-a-crown or three shillings a week is caused by the expense of the title-deeds and the tax on wood and bricks used in its construction. Of course the owner of such property must be remunerated, and he therefore charges sevenpence halfpenny or ninepence a-week to cover these burdens. Government affect to regret that the working classes are crowded together; which looks very like hypocrisy, as it is in their power to prevent it by reducing the price of buildings, and, consequently, lessening rents.—Correspondent of *The Builder*.

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FIRE INSURANCE in all its branches, and Profits returned
 on the LIFE BONUSES OF THE YEAR 1860, of two-thirds of
 the profits of the FIRE DEPARTMENT, has been this day
 declared; and, with the exception of a reserve of 20,000*l.* (to accu-
 mulate towards the next Bonus, in 1861), is payable upon and with
 the sum insured, at the rate of 1*l.* 10*s.* per Cent. per annum for the
 last Seven Years, on Policies effected in Great Britain upon the
 Profit system, and according to the number of Annual Premiums
 paid on each since the last declaration. This addition is equal to
 more than 50*l.* per Cent. on the Premiums upon the average of
 Lives between the Ages of Twenty and Forty, and 25*l.* per Cent.
 upon those between Twenty and Sixty.

The following will show the amount of Bonus on Policies for
 the sum insured to the ages of the Lives when assured.

When Amount of Premium for Bonus
 Policy received for
 100*l.* last Seven Years. same time.

.....100*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*100*l.* (Being about 70 per cent. on
 the sum insured.)
100*l.* 10*s.* 10*d.*100*l.* (Being 60 per cent. ditto.
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